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THE GAMBLER.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

"Whenever you are tempted to play any game, for a single dollar or a single cent, remember what was his gloomy cell in the State prison, and his terrible reflections during the days and nights I passed near him."

He has the shrewd knack
To shuffle the pack
And bring out an ace, a king, or a jack,
A heart or a spade,
As though they were made
By him, an adept at the trade.

But the heart he makes
Never beats quick and glad,
For the game he plays, played for the stakes,
Of time and eternity,
With no heart to beat,
Without pity, the type of deceit.

And there is the spade—
A shaft, that is made
Not for man to use in trade,
But to use for
All night and all day
To get something for nothing that way.

The diamond is paste
Of the vilest taste
Their money, who seek wealth in haste!
Symbol of paint,
Is of rich and quaint,
And the gambler's king
Is a vagabond thief
Only fit for the hulks—a gaol,
And his painted queen
Is unwoman and mean,
Who to her company would be seen!

The shiver of pelf
May shake himself,
But he cannot shake off except his shell;
Then the Father of Lies
With a frightful grin,
Will sit down at the table and win.

THE BROADACRES TRAGEDY;

OR,

The Irrevocable Promise.

BY CARLOTTA KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF NO. 27," "FILIPPO, THE MASTER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAMS'S TALE CONTINUED.

This is the story which Williams told to the coroner's jury, and which was afterward published in full. I have in his own, that alone approved of his.

Here also is a record of a much broader kind.

KING JOHN.

Mean while, beside the park gates, and on the road which led to Broadacres, as well as along the footpath which, from the park, crossed the main road, but to the broad, deep ravine, there was gathered a motley crowd of laborers, idlers and officials, all watching with interest the efforts which were being made to recover the body of the unfortunate victim of last night's tragedy.

Mr. Walter Manning had said, there were distinct evidences to warrant the belief that a crime had been committed, for blood had not only been found upon the road and on the bridge, but the knife had been discovered and the weapon discharged, and with the grey and clotted blood upon it.

Every one believed that the struggle between the murderer and his victim had taken place upon the bridge, several articles were found, which had been carefully preserved by the police, in the hope of throwing light upon the mystery.

Among these was found upon the creek, a tarpaulin hat, whose efforts were at once claimed by the owner, a prosperous old farmer of Broadacres, were scarcely deserving of the name.

Many declared they were near the end of the day, for the long iron hook with which each of the men was searching came to grips with differently; a heavy weight it was, and the first object which met the eyes of the laborers was a dark woolen pea-jacket.

Not much else could be seen, for the water was so much the body of the victim, and the coat was empty only it was quite enough to cause a thrill of excitement to run through the crowd of sturdy clodpoles down the stream, from the spot where traces of the body had been found so long on, to the dam a mile or more below, where the search ceased, and was continued. As in the boat became fatigued, they were relieved by others, and were followed under the direction of responsible officials, who had charge of the search. Many hours passed, however, before the body was found, and then it was higher in authority than those from whom it was snatched with the boat hook, and hastened to Broadacres to view the mysterious object.

Those sent who had taken charge of the search, and the sense of relief was great when it fell possession of the coat, and the tarpaulin hat, which the police detective among the number declared to be not long before his quick eye had discovered, and he strutted pride into their keeping, a clue which he fancied might prove valuable.

Three policemen sailed, and under the hands of a large and tough without the knowledge of Broadacres, holding tightly in their hands the objects which had so aroused his curiosity.

"Gentlemen, I think I have lighted upon some important clues," he said, as he surveyed the other. I have only the merest threads of a case as yet, but I believe that they will prove the best to act upon. Miss Eriston, you have seen these articles before?"

"We have, sir; and one other tree has since been discovered; the coat the men found in the water has been identified by the sense of English style and cut. You can see it for yourself, sir, and the hat which Mr. Broadacres's foreman has in his keeping."

"Send for them, then, at once," he said that Miss Eriston's words were borne with the stranger, and she gathered from his manner that he had recently arrived from England; so I think there will be no difficulty in identifying the body when it is found. The greatest mystery seems to envelop the murderer. I hope you will do your duty, gentlemen, and let nothing divert you from your course. Murder is being too frequently prevalent in the land; the deeply interested manner in which the coroner's jury have entered into the case is given evidence to their horrors, but I trust that your investigation is not very much longer delayed. Miss Eriston takes a personal interest in this affair, and I hope that you can show her own door-step, so one might say, and she offers a reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer."

Mr. Williams, the detective, produced a key.

"That is a liberal offer," he said, "and I hope some needy fellow will be so fortunate as to earn it."

"I don't know whether you can be classed among the needy, Mr. Williams," said the clergyman; "but I hope the five thousand dollars can fall to your lot. So indefatigable in the discharge of your duty; the church as well as the state is deeply interested in the observance of the laws, and if the capital punishment of one murderer can arrest the fearful progress of crime, there is not a loyal clergyman in England who would regret its fulfillment. When the lives of our citizens are not safe, sacrilege, religion is also assailed; no step at no obstacles in the second thought, but the first impulse of every Christian should lead him to murder a glance of the highest trust and honor. Do not some one murderer, and the other infringe upon holders of the majesty of the law." And the emphatic clergyman touched his hat to the official party as he delivered himself of this speech and took the coachman drive on.

Five thousand dollars reward offered by Miss Eriston, is bruited by the county, and five hundred by the village of Eriston, makes a handsome, handsome dollars, doesn't it?" said Mr. Williams, when the clergyman had driven away.

"That's about the sum, according to my arithmetic," replied one of his companions. "Are you thinking of transferring it to your own bank account?"

"Can't tell just yet," said the detective. "Have you brought my warrants along with you? Ah, here they are already, turning to the left."

"I'm blest if I didn't leave them in my office," replied the person addressed, stopping to blank surprise and searching his pockets one after another. "But never mind; I don't believe they'll be needed to-day, and if they are I can ride over after them in a couple of hours."

As the sheriff finished speaking, the party reached the door of the Eriston mansion, and hastened up the wide stone steps, their ring was quickly answered, and a moment later they were ushered into the parlor, where they prepared to await the coming of the lord of the manor.

But instead of Miss Eriston, it was Mr. Walter Manning who shortly opened the door. He manner was cold and reserved as he greeted the officers.

He seated himself as he spoke, and with gentlemanly composure waited for his visitors to make an official declaration of their business.

"As you have surmised," said the sheriff, "we have called upon a matter which is exciting the interest of the entire community. Miss Eriston will, I am sure, be glad to receive us for the family; and as we understand that you are the gentleman who has taken charge of the estate, we have called she will feel inclined to grant us an interview."

"Miss Eriston is not receiving visitors to-day," said Mr. Manning, and she gathered from his manner that he had recently arrived from England; so I think there will be no difficulty in identifying the body when it is found. The greatest mystery seems to envelop the murderer. I hope you will do your duty, gentlemen, and let nothing divert you from your course. Murder is being too frequently prevalent in the land; the deeply interested manner in which the coroner's jury have entered into the case is given evidence to their horrors, but I trust that your investigation is not very much longer delayed. Miss Eriston takes a personal interest in this affair, and I hope that you can show her own door-step, so one might say, and she offers a reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer."

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ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.

SUDDEN DEPARTURE OF THE CLERGYMAN FROM BROADACRES.

officers; but Mr. Williams moved impatiently in his chair, and said:

"It may be necessary, Madam, to make our investigations as quickly as possible; so will you have the goodness to state every-thing that happened to you last night, and not suppose to have a direct or indirect bearing upon the matter."

"Most willingly," replied the young lady; and she then proceeded to relate the circumstance with which the reader is already acquainted.

The statement was so clearly and fully given that when she had finished there was little doubt in the minds of her hearers but that the young stranger who had attended her to the entrance of Broadacres was also the one who had met his death but a short time afterward.

Were you the last one to enter the house last night?" asked Mr. Williams.

"I heard no other footsteps in the corridor," replied the young lady, but as returned to the drawing-room, where the clergyman, Mr. Manning, and the gentleman whose name I have forgotten, were conversing, I could not say positively that no one else had risen to go to their rooms before me."

He looked up with some surprise, as the detective entered, for he considered the approaching footsteps were those of the respective master of Broadacres.

"Mr. Mr. Williams," he said pleasantly; "did we live in a more superstitious age, I should consider it an ill omen that we have awakened you for Mr. Manning."

"I don't suppose you will result in good," the officer replied, advancing close to the table where he sat.

Then he lowered his voice, and said hurriedly:

"I have invented an excuse for leaving Broadacres immediately."

"Then you have found a clue?"

"Never mind what was your errand hither, my dear, you will fulfill it."

"And wherefore, not, pray? I have surely the right to question you."

"Would you bring indelible disgrace upon the name of Broadacres?"

"I have asked you."

"Then take my hint, and hurry back to your own room."

"You ask too much, and without any apparent reason."

The officer took a step nearer, and whispered something in the gentleman's ear which caused him to fall back in terror, and to raise his hands helplessly toward heaven.

"What frenzy has taken possession of you?" he asked. "You are not yourself, Mr. Williams."

"I am not," the detective steadily replied. "Time is precious, so do as I have said, sir, or Miss Eriston's blighted happiness will forever be on your head."

He did not wait to add another word, but turning hastily toward the door, he left the room.

The stranger was extremely pale, and a look of horror was in the expression of him which he could not entirely control.

"Mr. Williams," he said, as he laid a hand on the shoulder of the detective, "I have been a friend of the family for many years, and I believe you cannot hither to comply with your request."

"Certainly not, sir. Mr. Howardson replied; "but I am sorry to be taken from you without saying the time." I have already been absent from an important duty longer than I ought, and I must either beg you to excuse me ceremony I came here to celebrate, or accept my resignation of what, under other circumstances, I should consider one of the happiest events of my ministerial career."

The brow of Walter Manning darkened with anger, but Agatha Eriston, who, during the whole of this scene, had been standing by her cousin, said, confidentially:

"I have no doubt, Mr. Howardson, that

"The name of my cousin, Mr. Manning, was mentioned once or twice, I believe."

"In what relation, may I inquire?"

"Merely in connection with family matters relating to my cousin's recent death."

"Was any reference made to Mr. Manning when the business which brought him to Broadacres was spoken of?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Knowing that I should be closely engaged this morning, and supposing his errand related solely to business matters, I asked if his business could not be transacted as well with my cousin as with myself."

"And what reply did he make?"

"He gave a decided negative, and then I appointed a meeting with him myself this morning at nine o'clock."

"It has been over two to have been married."

"The next question is surely irrelevant, sir," said the young lady, looking at the detective with surprise; "nevertheless I do not hesitate to reply that ten was the appointed hour."

"Pardon my boldness, madam," resumed the officer. "I only asked as a mere matter of form. Unless there is nothing more," he said, turning to his companions, and rising from his chair as he spoke.

"Has anything been discovered upon the road?" asked Walter Manning, of the sheriff.

"Nothing when we left," returned the officer. "Would you not like to walk as far as the creek with us? A coat has been found in the water which strikes me as of English make and fashion, and I would like to have your opinion regarding it."

"I should certainly be pleased to accompany you," replied the expectant telegraphee; "but I am afraid that I must decline, as I am engaged on pressing business matters on at this hour."

"Pardon me," said the sheriff, with a smile. "A bachelor of fifty years' standing may perhaps be excused for smiling at the mention of the fact."

While the usually haughty and reserved Walter Manning was thus, with unaccustomed affability, trying to excuse himself to the sheriff and his companions, the young lady, one of them, Williams the detective, had, unobserved by him, entered the room.

Although well acquainted with the mansion, or rather guided by the exigencies of the occasion, he found his way to the door of the drawing-room, where the clergyman, Mr. Howardson, was impatiently awaiting the appearance on the part when he had risen to go to their rooms before me."

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"I have no doubt, Mr. Howardson, that

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your reasons for returning to town are most valid; should be grateful to myself for receiving your resignation, although I regret, I think, to adopt your suggestion of a postponement. Those by your hand that I received the baptismal cross, and upon which I pledged myself shall unite me in marriage."

The clergyman took the white hand of the speaker in his and pressed it to his lips, while tears of genuine emotion sprang to his eyes. The observations of the past few moments had convinced him that the lady was the most peculiar acquaintance he had ever had come to unite to the bonds of Broadacres, and the words of the detective were becoming less and less improbable.

Mr. Gwalthney turned toward the door, and was making his parting salutations to the ground before him, when Walter Manning was laid upon his arm, and Walter Manning said:

"The extreme haste is merely unnecessary, or if your return is indeed so urgent, it should be delayed but a second longer. The extra hour can take place as we stand; let it be as brief as possible, and those gentlemen who surround us can act as witnesses."

But the clergyman shook his head gravely and decidedly, and Agatha, whose spirits had unaccountably risen during the past few moments, said gayly:

"No, no, indeed, Walter, I will never consent to such a shabby bridal. The ceremony is the only thing which can reconcile me to the lack of dresses and the other accompaniments of a wedding. A long prayer at least would necessarily be most appropriate, so the marriage must be postponed. Lancie will not mind delaying another bride, and a month's time I shall myself feel more at home in the circumstances."

"If no one won't consent to my proposal?" said her cousin, looking down upon her with a look of extreme malice in his gray eyes.

"No," she said; "I shall claim a maiden's prerogative to the last. I frankly tell you that I am not fated to be my wedding-day; so it shall be postponed."

Something which seemed greatly like a curse escaped the lips of Walter, and he left Manning as he turned abruptly and walked stood for a moment looking out of the window.

He saw the clergyman pass down the wide entrance to the mansion, and entering his carriage, drive away. Something like a sense of defeat took possession of him as the sound of the receding vehicle died away, but his resolution was unchanged, and he turned to resume his usual manner; he bowed toward his companions, and said:

"This strange gentlemen, is seriously not, without its advantage, since it affords me an opportunity of making a few more slight assistance in your search. I will accompany you on your way back to the road, and inspect the garment you alluded to a few moments since."

He bowed to each of his guests with a most evident evidence of amiable devotion, and resigning her to the care of Mr. Masterton, who had joined them some moments before, he quitted the mansion with the detective party.

Preceded by the sheriff, they proceed to return to the spot above by the way they had come, but Walter Williams, who, with the precision of a machine, had noted every step in the road of the gray, paused before they had should return by the chestnut avenue. He had seen a dog feasted near an angle of the house around which the chestnut avenue led, and he had taken a fancy to visit it in that direction.

Brome lay stretched at full length upon the grass in his party approach. He opened his eyes lazily as the sheriff and his companions passed, with a lazy indifference, but when the Englishman and Mr. Williams came opposite he suddenly sprang toward them, and with every sign of the most violent rage tugged at his chain to be free.

"What ails the animal?" cried the sheriff, looking back in surprise. "Upon my word he's a dangerous fellow!"

"He is trained upon the reptiles Walter Manning," was the reply, "and he is a fine fellow, but he is not to be trusted with a stranger. He was a favorite with her deceased mistress, and will not have him shot."

Mr. Brome uttered quiet enough until we came along," remarked Mr. Williams in his tone.

He pulled off fresh and strange whines, and there's no knowing where or when he will be quiet again," said Brome.

Mr. Williams drew the letter from his pocket, and sauntered along for some seconds in silence. Presently he drew to the right hand forth and said:

"In the way, here is something that was picked up this morning near the scene of last night's murder, and which may throw some light upon the affair."

He held out to whoever the other a gold watch and chain, and evidently been broken from a goldsmith's shop.

"Can you decipher the letters engraved upon it? To me they look like a W and, M."

Walter Manning took the seal in his hand, and examined it with interest.

"I think you are right," he said. "The seal is an old one and the letters must be W's worn, yet the characters seem still quite plain. Do you not think so, my dear Agatha and?"

No," said the detective, pleasing the questioner full in the face, "I do not think the sentence."

The words which passed between the two had not been overheard by Brome, and as they were some distance in advance, neither did they see the proud flashing of scorn and color and pass his hand before his eyes.

"Can you decipher the letters?" he said. "If Miss Erskine's opinion is correct, and the stranger she met last night was one of her friends or confidential agents from England, the seal belongs to him, for there is one whose name answers to those letters."

"There is very little likelihood that your supposition is correct," ferrard, the detective thoughtfully.

He looked at his companion covertly, and noticed that his heavy watch chain lacked the usual accompaniments of toy and seal.

The eyes of the two men met fixedly in a full open stare.

"What the total amount offered for the apprehension of the murderer?" asked Agatha Erskine's accepted husband.

"Sixty-five hundred dollars."

"Sixty-five thousand is a greater consideration to you?"

"Yes."

"I forget that it has been proposed," said the Englishman haughtily.

They had now reached the road, and were within sight of the creek where the men were still in part of their strenuous work.

Has anything been found?" asked the foremost party.

"No, sir, and I doubt if there will be here. The body must have been carried over the dams, for they've been dragging the creek all the stream, it must have lodged somewhere below the dams."

"Or it was washed whatever we thought there was a likelihood of finding it, but now you tell me it has been discovered except the coat."

"That remains no," said the officer. "Just shove it into gentlemen, to your left. He'll know whether it was worn by an Englishman or not."

The garment was produced, and after examining it minutely and with composure, Walter Manning assured the officials that it did indeed seem to be of English make, being of the same style and material that travellers from the mother land are usually worn.

Mr. Williams cast a negligent sight of a small rent in the back of the garment, and then shrugged his shoulders.

"The poor fellow was shot in the back," he said, pointing to his discovery. "I wonder if his murderer was an Indian and surprised him with a shot, or if, being unarmed, he turned to save himself by flight."

"That cannot be told now," was the reply; "but much my words, the whole thing will be made clear before the sun sets this evening."

For some time longer they lingered near the bank of the stream, and in the vicinity of the blood-stained leaf, discussing the probable circumstances of the affair, and hazarding many surmises which were the least untenable of the dead.

The fitness master of Broadacres, as was natural, seemed most anxious that some definite conclusion should be arrived at, and he used an opportunity of circulating himself into the favor of his companions. At length, however, irritated by the questioning, he turned to leave the spot, wishing the officials success in the discharge of their duty, and again opening his gates every needed assistance from Broadacres.

"Zounds!" cried William, as he saw him walk away and disappear in the gloom of the shady avenue. "If nodiness can save a man, that fellow will be saved from the rope. He is continual, and I wonder if, indeed, he is quite certain you forgot to bring any wax seals with you?"

"As sure as I am that they won't be needed to-day," replied the sheriff.

Then delegating the authorities from Erskine to attend to the further search for the body until the next day, he called to his companions to accompany him to the road, and they began to go home to-night said Williams. "This affair will be a long one, and the sooner you come to your quarters the more likely to warrant. I fancy there'll be need of one to that time."

"Do you suspect any one?" asked the sheriff.

"I shall be on the watch to-night, and think I may possibly have some news for you to-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Well, keep your secrets to yourself, if it won't do to tell them," said the sheriff to the others and with that he mounted his horse and began riding rapidly down the avenue, into except Williams.

For some time the detective was on the point of overreaching himself. Fully convinced that the murderer was one of the party at Broadacres, he had gone home to-night, and when he reappeared he was in good judgement.

Dudley by the munificence of the master had been offered; perhaps, too, touched with pity for one who was but a few months younger than young, beautiful, and apparently happy; and Williams, in his capacity of detective, in search of evidence before he made any disclosures—was resolved to keep his secret within his own breast, and to watch the movements of the party at Broadacres.

When he began his watch, the lights were all extinguished in the house, and the hall was dark and gloomy. Not a sound was heard. Through the open casements he could see the moon pursuing her course through the heavens, and he could note their occupations as they sat on the lawn.

The beautiful heiress of Broadacres was in the library upon broad, which commanded down to the floor, permitted the consumed moonlight to enter and illuminate the apartment. She seemed to be deeply engaged in reading, and Williams could see that the concealed from the casements by the curtains of the window.

An elderly lady, Mrs. Masterton, sat near with a volume in her hand, but she seemed to be too deeply interested in the scene without to read, thus, disappointing to devote much time to her book.

The detective was impatient to discover the occupation of the lady, and waited for a third person to be apartment or not, but although he took up various positions on the lawn, and moved to divers parts under the cover of the gentleman" ingenious Mabel.

Nothing could be seen.

At length, however, a friendly breeze wafted the curtain of the window aside for a few moments, and he saw the Englishman standing with his back toward the casement, and against the curtain was visible the head and arm of the sheriff, and the following is to his cousin with animation and grace.

A song shut through even the detective's mechanical ear as he heard the words, and it was really no pleasure to him to bring Erskine. He questioned within himself whether the Englishman was indeed a villain, and if his conversation with Agatha could be entered to still the voices of conscience, and to Yet his performance of the singular words in the morning, superfluous as they were, did not lessen the impression made with spectator force, and clinching his hands with a muttered oath, he turned from the casement to the bush as well as to the low, to the house toward which he moved.

I wonder the fellow can stand there so long without discovering me," he said to himself. "The lower part of his body is in the shadow, and down the densely shaded terrace. "Perhaps his fancies are fixed upon the fair lady, no doubt upon my evidence, but he doesn't know that I am in possession of the knowledge of his guilt."

Gradually the lights in the mansion were seen to be one extinguished, and the whole library still shone brightly forth. Presently the lights in the drawing-room were also extinguished, and Mrs. Masterton, after the mistress of Broadacres herself followed, and then came the gentlemen, leaving his position before the master, passed down the door opened by a servant, and closed behind him, and apparently buried in deep reflection.

His meditations did not seem to be those of a pleasant character, for his brow was knitted, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. He was in a reflective was almost ashamed of his suspicions, yet he could not go unrewarded by any of the victims which a few hours before had been his friends, and he resolved to persevere in the best undertaken for the night, and still unbaffled by a stricter watch upon the mansion.

Presently Walter Manning also left the house, and he, too, seemed to be in a deep and lofty study; entered lazily by a negligent manner which gleamed as brightly opening the door which led into the lower hall. And as it was carried past window after window in the drawing-room, he could discover the moth wing of the mansion.

Leaving it in a moment, it soon reappeared in the upper story, and passed at a window which was not visible from the lawn, and which had been left by the original owner of the mansion as a sort of guard-room or armory, when the house was built, and was now used for wardrobe provisions necessary.

"He is about to retire to his chamber, methinks," said the spy on the terrace. "Yet probably I would best not disturb him with my sent thoughts. There, the light is out at last, and the house is dark and still, and I may as well go home for the night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LAPLAND CRADLES AND BABIES.—The Lapland cradle is a queer thing. It looks like a sledge, with the lower part open. Before the child is placed in it, it is stuffed with fine soft moss. If the mother wishes to carry the child with her, she fastens the cradle on her back with the child's head resting over her shoulder. When she has to work, she sets the cradle down, she lets down the forth at the cradle, head to keep off the gnats, sunshine, or cold; and if there are wolves in the neighborhood, she hangs it on a tree. As the wind breaks up, the child rocks to and fro, and lies quietly enough.

QUITE AN ADVENTURE.

BY MATHILDE ESTVAN.

"There, girls, what on earth shall we do? I either forget or lose my pocket-book" said a young lady in the Sixth Avenue car, to two of her friends, as they were about entering with her.

"Why, Mary! And you know Mattie spent every cent she possessed on ice-cream, and I gave my last twenty-five cents to that poor old woman with the wicked old face, and a baby on her right side.

"I had undoubtedly drop the car and go," said Mattie, a tall, slender girl, with an abundance of golden hair.

"Oh, you poor old Mary, who had enormous looked over the contents of her pocket-book, and found not a penny. "I will be just as bad to leave you without paying as when we have arrived at Forty-fifth street."

But now the car is empty. That question ever there is too much engrossed in his paper to notice anything. If he pass even a few streets more, the car will be crowded, and then there will be no opportunity to return the money.

"Well, but you do not think that the conductor will permit us to leave without having paid? I have already made up my mind to stay here until I can find the owner of it," said Mattie, the dark-eyed girl, shaking herself indignantly from the window where she was sitting.

"But however you are talking!" said that timid.

"What can he do, when we have no money?"

"Let him do it!" Tell me to walk, instead of luxuriously riding in the street car, and then I would not have to serve for money."

"Oh, girls, I know what we can do. Just look at your minds at rest," said Mary, with a radiant face, turning to the door, as the conductor was coming in, and the subject of the preceding once has fall taken down. "We will give the conductor our address, and he will tell him to keep it until we send the money. It is not likely he will look for it."

"Yes, it is good enough; but I feel almost like a thief," said Mattie, with a shudder.

"I am sure to-morrow it will be in all the papers, and I shall be arrested as a pickpocket, and I shall be taken to the car and had to pawn their trinkets. Oh, girls, I know that I am a complete fool," said Mary, and she began to weep a watchful eye upon the conductor, who was standing with his back toward them.

"Don't be so silly as to cry, Mary," said Mattie, "I am sure I shall not dare to show my face again in the car, if you do not stop crying."

"Mary, my breath is clean gone," while Mary Emily.

"He must have heard every word that we have been saying."

"What an ear he must possess!" said Emily.

"Yes, and a memory, too, I should say," said Mattie.

"It is not dreadful that a stranger paid for me, Mattie?" said Mary.

"Yes, it is certainly anything but agreeable," replied Mattie, "but I suppose it is all that I can look my natural self again, because I am sure I shall not be able to look at him, nicely whenever the conductor glanced toward them.

"How shall we ever return the money to the gentleman?" inquired Mattie.

"Nothing could be easier," said Emily. "We will publish to-morrow in all the leading papers that we have discovered a pocket-book, and the woman who most generously paid the car fare for the young ladies, and we will call at the same time and place, and request him to his cousin with animation and grace.

"I was really curious to see that fellow when they passed the gentleman. Mattie, pose in your old position, and I will look out of the window, and tell you when the young ladies had entered the house—the door opened by a servant—and I will count tears filled his eyes.

"Oh, girls, I am so glad that you have found your purse, and I am so sorry that I have been so foolish as to cry. I am sure you will be ashamed of me," said Mary, with a radiant face, turning to the door, as the conductor was coming in, and the subject of the preceding once has fall taken down.

"Well, but you do not think that the conductor will permit us to leave without having paid? I have already made up my mind to stay here until I can find the owner of it," said Mattie, the dark-eyed girl, shaking herself indignantly from the window where she was sitting.

"But however you are talking!" said that timid.

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"Oh, girls, I know that you can cook? I must have a dinner party, and you must help me to indge their friend's happiness by the table and the cook.

"I can make a delicious pudding," said Mattie.

"I do best pie you ever did eat," said Mary.

"I cooking," said Emily, as she took up a saucer, called Mattie.

"Well, then, you direct the meat and vegetables" said Mattie, who was evidently in enthusiastic on hearing her friends enumerate the delicacies which the dinner was to consist of.

"Pshaw! to cook meat and vegetables is nothing," said Emily. "It requires no art whatever. Be glad that you find no more advanced in the culinary science. Anybody can cook potatoes and beefsteak."

"Well," returned Helen, somewhat intimidated by Emily's tone, "but John has sent a basket of game for dinner."

"I do not know anything," nothing easier than roasting meat. You just salt and pepper it, set it on the fire, or if you prefer it, in the oven, and take it out at dinner-time. But come, girls, let us go to work. Can you give us some large aprons, Helen? As we my rice-pudding must be eaten cold, I have to go and prepare it without delay."

The young ladies tucked up their sleeves, and went into the kitchen, where the utensil were speedily put in order, and the cook, to the wildness of Emily's rice, which, although it had not been a stonepanful when it was set over the fire, became constantly more and more, and ere long filled the whole range with showpans of every size and description.

"Oh, Helen, what is in this rice of yours? I never saw anything like it. Never mind, I will put it in a dish, and so getting rid of it."

"What shall I do? You will have to send for some more stockpan, I have used all that I possessed," cried Emily, in real distress, when again all the stockpans boiled over, and required additional compassion.

All three girls bent their wondering faces over the bubbling and puzzling rice, but it was the savage and bewildered looking servant girl who spoke.

"You have too much rice, Miss, a cupful would have been enough, and now you weighing three pounds."

"Can you cook?" inquired Mrs. Nichols, who had not ventured to ask before, as the girl looked too green to allow of such supposition.

"Yes, Madam," answered she promptly.

She was then busy fine dressing gowns in the kitchen, and the young ladies her humble assistance.

Her husband had come, and the doctor of Mr. Nichols bore not a trace of the despair in which his mistress had been in the morning. Everything was bright and cheerful, and even the little baby, which was in the cradle, looked smart and tidy.

At the table in the dining-room, surrounded by young, handsome servants, Mrs. Nichols had to confess that she had never seen a more pleasant dinner party. Even the three friends of Mr. Nichols, thought that it was really worth while to imitate the young lady's example, namely, to marry and be happy.

Percy Witmore, a fine looking young man, who was present at the feast, had been a friend of Mr. Nichols from the first quite engaged to the young lady.

Percy Witmore, a fine looking young man, who was present at the feast, had been a friend of Mr. Nichols from the first quite engaged to the young lady.

The music-after dinner in the parlor brought the young people still nearer together, and Mary and Mattie, who had never before in their lives by heart, they chatted merrily. Now and then the theme of their conversation.

Something very disagreeable happened to Mary and Mattie, who had never before in their lives by heart, they chatted merrily. Now and then the theme of their conversation.

"They arrested a pickpocket. He was described as a tall, slender man, with a pale face, and a woman who came into the car, and had no pocket-book. Mary and Mattie, who were seeing the pocket-book, recognized it as one which Mr. Nichols had presented to his wife, and arrested him. The man seemed like Robin Hood, for he was so tall and slender, and had such a pale face, and such a frightened looking fellows I ever saw, and strong as a bear. He struggled with every work enough before they were able to carry him off. He was taken to prison, which was only a few blocks, but he was so deeply interested in his fate that he could not sleep.

"Mary and Mattie were the witnesses against the prisoner, and Emily was the gentleman" ingenious Mabel.

Nothing could be seen.

At length, however, a friendly breeze wafted the curtain of the window aside for a few moments, and he saw the Englishman standing with his back toward the casement, and against the curtain was visible the head and arm of the sheriff, and the following is to his cousin with animation and grace.

A song shut through even the detective's mechanical ear as he heard the words, and it was really no pleasure to him to bring Erskine. He questioned within himself whether the Englishman was indeed a villain, and if his conversation with Agatha could be entered to still the voices of conscience, and to Yet his performance of the singular words in the morning, superfluous as they were, did not lessen the impression made with spectator force, and clinching his hands with a muttered oath, he turned from the casement to the bush as well as to the low, to the house toward which he moved.

I wonder the fellow can stand there so long without discovering me," he said to himself. "The lower part of his body is in the shadow, and down the densely shaded terrace. "Perhaps his fancies are fixed upon the fair lady, no doubt upon my evidence, but he doesn't know that I am in possession of the knowledge of his guilt."

Gradually the lights in the mansion were seen to be one extinguished, and the whole library still shone brightly forth. Presently the lights in the drawing-room were also extinguished, and Mrs. Masterton, after the mistress of Broadacres herself followed, and then came the gentlemen, leaving his position before the master, passed down the door opened by a servant, and closed behind him, and apparently buried in deep reflection.

His meditations did not seem to be those of a pleasant character, for his brow was knitted, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground. He was in a reflective was almost ashamed of his suspicions, yet he could not go unrewarded by any of the victims which a few hours before had been his friends, and he resolved to persevere in the best undertaken for the night, and still unbaffled by a stricter watch upon the mansion.

Presently Walter Manning also left the house, and he, too, seemed to be in a deep and lofty study; entered lazily by a negligent manner which gleamed as brightly opening the door which led into the lower hall. And as it was carried past window after window in the drawing-room, he could discover the moth wing of the mansion.

Leaving it in a moment, it soon reappeared in the upper story, and passed at a window which was not visible from the lawn, and which had been left by the original owner of the mansion as a sort of guard-room or armory, when the house was built, and was now used for wardrobe provisions necessary.

"He is about to retire to his chamber, methinks," said the spy on the terrace. "Yet probably I would best not disturb him with my sent thoughts. There, the light is out at last, and the house is dark and still, and I may as well go home for the night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIT AND HUMOR.

A PUN, wishing to enter the highest aristocracy of his language, went to the court to be naturalized. "Have you any relatives?" asked the judge. "Have you any relatives?" asked the judge. "Have you any relatives?" asked the judge

A CITY PORTRAIT.

BY CALEB DUNN.

Up and down the icy street,
Up and down through all the day,
Wander two slow and weary feet,
Young and tender as buds of May;
Up and down past mansions high,
With pillars pointing toward the sky.

Whether the wind blow ever so chill,
Whether the blinding snow fall fast,
These little feet keep wandering still,
Till sore and overwearied, at last
They sometimes lie in some dark hall-way,
To await the dawn of another day.

Oft whenever the night is deep,
And the streets are still and drear,
These little feet on their journey keep,
For they seem to know no fear,
But ever, ever on they press,
Treading the hard path of distress.

A heroine true is Little May,
Her heart is as brave as brave can be,
As she walks her ever darksome way
Sadly, yet oh, so cheerfully;
For one she loves on the sick-bed lies—
One soon to dwell above the skies.

Many a time when she has told
Her piteous story, rude hands have thrust
Her cruelly out into the cold;
Still Little May e'er keeps her trust
In One who rules in heaven above,
And hourly prays for His care and love.

Heroes there are by sword and gun,
But search, aye, search the whole world round,
And ne'er will you see a braver one,
For a braver one cannot be found
Than this little child in sorrow's way—
This patient martyr, Little May.

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A GATHERING OF TEMPESTS.

It was the evening of the day of Moer's stolen marriage to Hilda Floyd, and soon after the return of the bridal party from Sydenham. The two ladies, having ascertained that Lord Waldemar was gone out for a drive in the Park, retired immediately to their own rooms, and were dressing for dinner. Darrel Moer was similarly engaged in his own room, attended as usual by his valet.

"Any news, Bing?" inquired Moer, as the man's skillful fingers waxed the pointed ends of the master's mustache, giving them a fierce upward curl. "I left you at home, you know, to keep an eye on matters here. Has the Hungarian Countess called here to-day? Has my uncle commented upon the absence of Miss Floyd?"

"Lord Waldemar arose about noon and had his chocolate in his room," said Bing. "Then he went to his library and worked steadily until four o'clock, and then he went to drive in the Park with Lady Thaxter and the Hungarian Countess. He has not yet come in. He has not asked for Miss Floyd to-day, but Mrs. Poss gave him Mrs. Watchley's message that she had taken her young lady on an excursion to Sydenham. Mrs. Poss told me that his lordship did not say a word, only bowing. It did not appear whether he was pleased or displeased."

"He may have thought Mrs. Watchley an insufficient escort for his heiress," said Moer, examining critically the various shades in a box of scarfs. "If he thought so, he will reserve his opinion for the private hearing of Mrs. Watchley herself. The blue scarf, Bing, and my diamond pin. So no one whose visit could bode harm to me called to-day?"

[illegible] replied in the negative.

"And you have literally no news whatever [illegible] report?"

"Nothing has happened of consequence to-[illegible]," said the valet; "but there was something I meant to tell you this morning, only I [illegible] not time. You remember you had barely time to dress for breakfast, and that as soon as [illegible] had dressed after breakfast you went out. Something very mysterious happened in [illegible] house last night. I left your room, you [illegible] now, sir, on the stroke of twelve. I went up stairs on my way to my room in the attic. When I was on the landing of the floor above this, I heard some one creeping along this hall in list slippers. I peeped over the [illegible] cautiously, and saw that it was Lord Waldemar's business manager, Mr. Grimrod. [illegible] went into Miss Floyd's room and locked the door."

"The [illegible]nce! What was that for?"

"He [illegible] in there two hours, by the clock," said Bi[illegible]. "I crept down and tried to listen at the [illegible], but I could only catch here and there a [illegible]d. Grimrod seemed to be scolding Miss Fl[illegible]."

"Impo[illegible]le!"

"It is [illegible] sir, and I am sure I heard Mrs. Watchley [illegible]. I tried to catch what Grimrod [illegible] he always speaks too low to be [illegible] these deadened walls. All I [illegible] was that there is some secret be[illegible] Grimrod and Miss Floyd."

"[illegible]'t have borrowed money of him," [illegible] meditatively. "She has all she [illegible]"

"[illegible] he has found out some secret of [illegible]," suggested Bing. "She may have se[illegible] as she is. Why should the man[illegible] her room so secretly and stay there [illegible]? He had that to say to her which he [illegible] not say in the drawing-room."

"It is certainly very mysterious," said [illegible]. "I'll know what the secret is, now I have got a suspicion of its existence. [illegible] wife—"

Bing smiled.

"You've got three wives now, sir," he said.

Before Moer could reply, there came a timid knock at the door. Bing looked out into the hall. One of the house-maids, an especial friend of his, stood outside with a letter under her apron.

"It's for you," she exclaimed. "The postman just left it at the airey door, and I took it in, and made bold to bring it up to you."

"Thank you," said Bing, taking the missive from her hands and recognizing the superscription as being in the handwriting of his sister. "I'll remember you, Miss, for your kindness. When that policeman of yours calls to see you, I'll see that you have a clear field."

The maid simpered and scampered down the stairs.

Bing locked the door, returning to his master.

"A letter for you, sir, from the Cypresses," said the valet, tearing off the outer envelope and tossing it on the fire. "Miss Glint has given it, I take it."

The letter was that written by Miss Bing, announcing the death of Moer's mad wife. Darrel Moer hastened to peruse it. His amazement as he took in its meaning was beyond description.

"Doctor Parfitt told the truth, Bing," he muttered. "Carmine escaped from the Retreat lately, as he said. By some curious fatality, she went to the Cypresses. She died there last night."

Bing's astonishment was only less than that of his master.

"Died!" he exclaimed. "She is really dead?"

Moer nodded assent.

"Then your marriage to Miss Glint was no marriage at all," said Bing. "You've not the shadow of a claim upon her."

"Not the faintest shadow of a claim. She's as free as air from any bonds of marriage."

"And this marriage to-day to Miss Floyd is perfectly legal and valid."

"Perfectly. Fate has played into my hands. Miss Glint heard Carmine's story before she died, and knows the truth. Miss Glint will be powerless to harm me now, even if I free her. Your sister wants to know if she shall release her prisoner. I'll write to-morrow and tell her to do so."

"Your path is clear now, sir. You've no more troubles nor fears. No one can threaten you now," said Bing. "Sir Hugh Tregaron will not offer to molest you when Miss Glint returns to Lady Thaxter. Miss Glint's imprisonment will be kept a secret for Lord Waldemar's sake, if not for her own."

Moer started abruptly, growing suddenly white.

"Carmine is dead," he said. "Then who—who is this Hungarian Countess?"

Bing regarded his master blankly.

"I cannot guess," he acknowledged. "Have you not been mistaken in thinking you have seen her before?"

"No, no. Her eyes haunt me, those strange blue eyes! Where have I seen them before? I tell you, Bing, I have wronged that woman at some period, and in some way. I tell you she is my enemy. If she's not Carmine, my wife, who is she?"

"Aye, who is she?"

Moer dashed down the letter, and arose and paced the floor hurriedly.

"Who is she?" he cried, his agitation increasing. "Bing, I must know who she is. I'm afraid of her. I will see her again—question her—look at her sharply. I thought I had solved the mystery about her, but this mad woman who has died at the Cypresses is incontestably Carmine. I tell you, there's a deeper mystery than I dreamed about this young Hungarian Countess. What is the mystery? How have I incurred her enmity? Who is she?"

"She is too late to harm you, since you are legally married to Miss Floyd," said Bing sagely. "There is no use in borrowing trouble, Mr. Moer—"

"But I tell you," interrupted Moer, with a ghastly face, suddenly trembling, "I have a sudden dread of this foreign lady, all the deeper because I cannot think who she is, and because I know that she is my enemy. Still, as you say, I am legally married to Miss Floyd, and no one can invalidate the marriage. Lady Rothsmere cannot harm me, that I see."

"She is only a woman too."

"I would rather have a man for an enemy than a woman I had wronged. But I won't be childish. Read and burn the letter. I must go down to the drawing-room to meet my bride."

Moer struggled to compose himself. He resolutely set aside the mystery of Lady Rothsmere's acquaintance with his past, and her possible designs against himself, for future earnest consideration, and banished all traces of his anxiety and dread from his countenance. With a false smile and an uneasy heart he descended to the lower rooms.

He found Lord Waldemar, who had recently come in from his drive, in the drawing-room. His lordship stood before the fire, in conversation with Grimrod; but there was a certain abstraction in the Baron's stern and haughty face, and a far-off look in his eyes, that showed how little he heard or heeded his manager's enthusiastic description of the flower-show.

Moer had scarcely entered when Miss Floyd and Mrs. Watchley, both in full dinner dress, the former superbly attired in a delicate lavender silk, came rustling into the room.

Lord Waldemar's face grew cold and hard as he looked upon Hilda.

"I believe," he said sternly, "that I ordered Miss Floyd not to enter my presence until she was ready to make an ample apology for her unladylike behavior of last evening."

Hilda put her lace handkerchief to her eyes, and swept forward toward the Baron, pausing before him in a suppliant attitude.

"I am come to make that apology now, dear grandpapa," she said. "I desire to apologize before all these who witnessed the scene of last evening. I am heartily ashamed of my foolish and wicked behavior, and I beg your lordship to forgive me. I will try to do better hereafter, and—and to model my character after that of my sainted grandmamma whom I never saw, but of whose gentleness I have heard so much."

This little speech had been carefully studied beforehand, and Hilda repeated it, with all the proper inflections, and with apparent feeling. The allusion to Lord Waldemar's dead wife was conceived by Hilda to be a master-stroke that would inevitably batter down any wall of dislike which the Baron might have raised against her. She expected to be taken to his arms, and to receive a shower of caresses.

But the Baron's proud, bronzed face did not change in its expression, nor did the look in his eyes soften nor grow tender. He simply held out his hand in token of forgiveness, and said:

"Your apology is sufficient. We will not allude again to the matter."

Hilda kissed his hand in a seeming fervor of gratitude, and managed to drop a tear upon it.

"Oh, grandpapa," she exclaimed, "I want to be a comfort to you—the staff of your old-age. I want to win your love. I want to be your very own child—"

The Baron drew away his hand.

"Don't overdo the thing, Hilda," he said coldly. "You know and I know that your nature has not changed since last night. I am apt to distrust violent expressions of affection from lips that have lately reviled me, and wished me dead. I desire for you only that you will comport yourself as a lady. I decline your proffered affection."

The girl retreated a few paces, her heart swelling with rage and bitterness. Yet she held on firmly to her mask of penitence and sorrow. Only Grimrod saw what a hard struggle she was making to retain her self-control, and to hold in her wicked temper, as a huntsman holds his baying hounds in leash.

"I am willing to study under the masters you were kind enough to select for me, grandpapa," she said, her voice quivering. "I cannot bear to go forth among strangers from the only friends I have in the world."

"We will see," said the Baron. "This discussion is unpleasant to me. Let it end here. If I make other arrangements for you, they will be communicated to you. For the present, since your teachers are engaged, you can remain here."

Dinner was announced, putting an end to the discussion.

The dinner hour was scarcely so pleasant as usual. Lord Waldemar was strangely silent and abstracted. Grimrod mentally decided that his lordship had some secret trouble or perplexity, and Moer came to the same conclusion. Mrs. Watchley was full of apocryphal anecdotes of the flower-show, describing in enthusiastic terms "black roses" that were not there, and describing minutely other hypothetical flowers which had their sole existence in her fertile imagination. She had not even looked at the flowers, as may be remembered.

"Hilda is so devoted to flowers," she said, still drawing upon her very lively imagination. "She calls them the 'stars of earth,' she is so full of poetry, dear child. Hilda is a wild and wayward little creature, Lord Waldemar, but she has one of those rare, poetical natures that endow the commonest things with beauty. Under the petulance is hidden the rich and glorious depth of a loving soul."

Lord Waldemar did not contradict the lady's assertion, but the peculiar curl of his lips did not encourage Mrs. Watchley to proceed with her praises of Hilda.

The ladies went up stairs when they had finished their dinner. The gentlemen lingered over their wine.

Presently, as the Baron continued silent, and Grimrod wished to speak privately to Hilda, the manager excused himself, and went up to the drawing-room. Uncle and nephew were left together.

Moer regarded his lordship furtively for some moments, and then said:

"Uncle Lancelot, it was not like you to be so hard upon a woman, a girl, I should say, as you were upon Hilda to-night. Her apology to you was most humble, and her sincerity was painfully evident."

"You think so?" said Lord Waldemar skeptically. "I read people better than you do, Darrel. The girl's an arrant hypocrite. She is frightened about boarding-school, and so forced herself to make that apology. But there was no sincerity in it. It was plainly apparent to me that she had a purpose in view."

"I think not, uncle. She seems wayward, but she must be good and true under all her faults. The Floyds are quick-tempered, irascible, warm-hearted, generous, never forgetting a kindness, rarely forgiving an injury."

"She has not the Floyd nature. What generosity is there in her? She is selfish, scheming, even wicked. I don't mind a downright hot temper if it's honest, and breaks out against wrong, but a temper like Hilda's is like that of some snarling, spoiled cur. My son had a noble, generous nature, bright and frank and sweet. He never disobeyed me but once in his life, and I can't understand how he was tempted to do so then. It was that Arlyn woman's wiles that led him from honor, truth and duty. How could my boy have left no imprint of himself upon his child? Is this girl all Arlyn? Darrel, I tell you that when I first saw her I disliked her. Had it not been for those marks upon her arm, that seemed to prove her identity beyond all cavil, I might have grown to doubt that she was my son's child. But the sight of them seemed to annihilate suspicion. I should never have doubted the girl's identity—never—only that to-day—"

He paused. Darrel Moer started.

"Do—do you doubt it now, my lord?" he whispered huskily.

"I don't know. Can Grimrod have been deceived? I would stake my life on his fidelity. He would not palm off upon me another in place of Wallace's child."

"Ah-h!"

"Are you ill, Darrel? You look strangely."

"It is nothing. Why should you doubt that—that Hilda is your grandchild?"

"I will tell you, Darrel. Do not speak of it even to Grimrod. I am anxious to have the opinion of some one on the subject, since I have not dared even to mention my suspicion to Tregaron. There has been a young lady visiting at Lady Thaxter's. She—the young lady—went back to Lancashire about three weeks ago. Her name was Honor Glint."

Darrel Moer drew his breath hard.

"The first time I saw the girl," continued his lordship, "I stared at her spell-bound. You have not seen her? She was young, about Hilda's age, fair and slender like some graceful lily, and she had the tenderest, loveliest face I ever saw. But her beauty in my eyes consisted in her pale gold hair, full of softest sunshine, kinked and waved, and in her black, velvety eyes, which met mine with a frank sweetness that took my old heart by storm. Darrel, she has my son's eyes—Wallace Floyd's eyes, and she has that rare combination of midnight eyes and golden hair which distinguishes the Floyds. Her very face was his, idealized, made tenderer, sweeter, lovelier, but still my son's."

"It was very strange," said Moer huskily.

"Strange! It was a most marvelous coincidence. And, Darrel, I felt my heart go out to that girl in a sort of yearning. I knew then that my heart was not all dead and cold. I could have taken her in my arms in my son's place, and loved her as I loved him."

"You would marry her, perhaps?"

Lord Waldemar regarded his nephew in displeased surprise.

"Sir Hugh Tregaron will marry her, I hope," he said. "He loves her. My love was that of a father, or grandfather, if you will. I've thought of her a hundred times since she went away. I have even dreamed of her. Last night I dreamed that Wallace came to me, leading this girl—this Honor Glint—by the hand, and entreating me to forgive him, and to receive this girl into my heart in his place. And to-day, Darrel, the young Hungarian Countess at Lady Thaxter's gave me a shock—quite unintentionally, I am sure, but nevertheless a most terrible shock."

"The—Hungarian—Countess!"

"Yes. We were driving in the park," said Lord Waldemar, his voice sinking, and his stern eyes softening, "and the bracelet of the Countess became unfastened. I bent to clasp it, and saw upon her delicate wrist a tiny mole. 'It is a birth-mark,' she said to me, and then added, laughing, 'but it is not a mark by which I might be identified. Moles are too common. Miss Glint could be easily identified if she should ever become involved in a contest like the Tichborne case. She has a birth-mark on her arm shaped like a dagger, clear, vivid, scarlet; and she has an irregular scar upon her wrist, the result of a knife wound inflicted by herself in infancy.' Imagine my consternation. Those marks precisely resemble those by which I identified Hilda!"

"The coincidence is startling," faltered Darrel Moer.

"The question now presents itself—is Honor the actual daughter of Captain Glint?"

Moer's brain fairly reeled. He remembered that Honor had told him that she was a waif whom Captain Glint had picked up in the arms of a fever-struck nurse, in the streets of Valetta. The possibility that she was the daughter of Wallace Floyd dawned for the first time upon him.

"And if she is not?" he muttered hoarsely.

"If she is not his child, I shall investigate her parentage. I shall believe, in that case, that her resemblance to my son is more than mere coincidence. I must know the cause of those marks upon her person. That two girls should be so similarly marked is startling. The evidence points to the one as my granddaughter, it is true. But the resemblance of the other to my son is still stronger evidence in her favor. I do not like Mrs. Watchley. There seems to be something secret and sinister about her. Can she have known of Wallace's child, and counterfeited the marks upon the arm of some protégée of her own, imposing the latter upon me as my granddaughter? I really think her capable of such a thing. But how could she have disposed of the real child? How could she have deceived Grimrod, who is usually so astute? I think that Grimrod's judgment is not so good of late. He has made one or two unprofitable investments for me, notwithstanding that I have forbidden him to put my money into foreign enterprises paying high rates of interest. I have had to tell him to confine himself to the usual three per cents, and not seek to multiply money too fast. He seems absorbed in ideas and affairs of his own that blunt his judgment in other regards. But I have every reliance upon his goodness and fidelity."

"He is not a man to be easily deceived," said Moer, trying to speak firmly. "The truth is, my lord, the resemblance of Miss Glint to Wallace Floyd is a mere coincidence, nothing more. The scars on Miss Glint's arm may be very unlike those upon Miss Floyd's. Mrs. Watchley is an honest lady, I dare affirm. Your suspicions, my lord, are the merest cobwebs—pardon my plain speaking. You have excited yourself without just cause."

"Perhaps so."

"May not this Hungarian Countess have been mistaken? By the way, I saw her the other day at Lady Thaxter's. She is an exquisitely beautiful woman, but somehow," said Moer, with seeming carelessness, "I had a fancy that I have seen her before."

"It must have been abroad then. She is Hungarian, or Austrian, I forget which. Lady Thaxter tells me that this is the first visit of the Countess to England. I never met a more brilliant woman, nor a truer lady," said Lord Waldemar, his bronzed face glowing. "She has the pure, fresh, loving heart of a child, the grace and *aplomb* of the finished woman of the world, the beauty of an angel, the brain of a statesman."

Moer scanned his uncle narrowly.

"She must be an extraordinary woman to elicit such praise from you, my lord," he said.

"She is. I was talking with Lord Carysfort at the House yesterday, and he spoke of her. He has just renewed his old acquaintance with her. She has been for years the star of the Austrian court. She married many years ago in her early youth the old Count Rothsmere. She is adored by his tall sons. She was a good wife to her husband, who fairly worshipped her, and during the last year of his life she was his constant nurse and attendant, remaining with him night and day, reading to him, singing to him, making perpetual sunshine in his sick chamber. He died in her arms, her name the last upon his lips. He was many years older than she, but she loved him."

"Perhaps she would marry again, if your lordship were to ask her," suggested Moer, with a sudden flash of reckless bitterness.

Lord Waldemar's face flushed hotly, and he arose, saying:

"She has never given me much encouragement. Next time she marries she will probably marry a young man."

Moer arose and passed up stairs with his uncle. Lord Waldemar put on his greatcoat in the hall, and went out. Moer went into the library and rung the bell. A servant appeared.

"Tell Mr. Grimrod, who is in the drawing-room, that I beg him to come to me," he commanded. "I must see him immediately."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A PAIR OF MURDEROUS VILLAINS.

Some minutes elapsed before Grimrod appeared in answer to the somewhat peremptory summons of Moer, who stirred the library fire, drew the curtains closer, turned up the gas-light, and moved restlessly about the room, stung by the thoughts that crowded upon him.

"My uncle is going to make a fool of himself, and offer marriage to this young German Countess," he said to himself. "Will she have him? Who is she? Ah, if I only knew! I'm afraid I've brought my goose to a pretty market, after all. Instead of duping, I have been duped."

He relieved his mind with the utterance of a volley of oaths. He was in the midst of them when Grimrod came in, cool, easy, and impassive as usual.

"The servant said you wished to see me," said the manager. "How strangely you look!"

Moer did look strangely. He was absolutely haggard, and there was a wild and reckless expression in his eyes that was seldom seen there. He laughed sneeringly.

"I have something to say to you," he exclaimed, "and I'll come to the point at once. Why did you visit Miss Floyd's room last night and remain there two hours?"

Grimrod looked innocently surprised.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said coolly. "I have never visited Miss Floyd's room."

"You need not deny it. I have a witness who saw you go in there and saw you come out two hours later, and who tried to listen—"

Now indeed Grimrod started.

"Well, what did he hear?" he asked.

"Nothing. What secret is this you and Hilda Floyd have in common?"

"Hilda Moer, now, sir. I have no secret in common with your wife, Mr. Moer. Your informant must have dreamed what he told you."

"Ah, yes, my wife! Curse the luck! She is my wife!"

"This is very strange language, Mr. Moer—"

"Is it?" cried Moer savagely. "Then make the most of it. You have duped me, you trickster and cheat. I never had the confidence in you that my uncle had. You are a scheming, double-dyed rascal!"

"Sir! What does this mean?"

"It means that my uncle suspects that Mrs. Watchley has imposed upon him a girl who is not his granddaughter. The girl's insolence, selfishness, and deceitfulness, he fancies are qualities foreign to his blood. He's sick of Hilda—and so am I. He thinks you—his faithful, affectionate Grimrod, ha, ha!—have been imposed upon by this cunning Watchley. He doesn't blame you—his devoted manager—for having been taken in, but he's bound to hunt up an heiress more to his taste. I tried to allay his suspicions. I don't know if I succeeded; and praised your honesty and fidelity. Bah! Now you have got to own up the truth to me," and Moer's eyes glowed redly. "Is this girl whom you have foisted upon Lord Waldemar your own daughter?"

The fierce attack of Moer fairly overwhelmed the astute villain. His Mephistophelean face showed a ghastly whiteness. He returned Moer's burning, restless glances with a steady and appalling gaze.

"Speak out!" cried Moer fiercely. "I'm the girl's husband—tied to her because of your villainy. I held fortune in my very grasp, and I flung it from me to grasp this wretched, hollow phantom. You would better make friends with me. We can work together, but if you try to keep me in the dark you'll rue it. Again I ask—and I warn you I mean to be answered—is this Hilda your daughter?"

By this time Grimrod had begun to recover the impassive coolness that had distinguished him all his life. He answered simply:

"Yes; the girl is my daughter."

Despite the fact that he had expected an affirmative answer, Moer was shocked by it.

"Your daughter—*yours!* The devil!" he cried hoarsely. "And it is this for which I have sold myself—this for which I have schemed and toiled—this for which I flung away the fairest fortune man ever held in his grasp—this for which I have perjured myself, and lied, and endangered my liberty—THIS! Great God!"

He fairly foamed in his wild fury.

Grimrod watched him in a wary silence.

"I wanted to marry title, wealth," cried Moer, with a hoarse laugh; "I wanted beauty, elegance, brains, sweetness. And, O Heaven! I had them all! And for what did I fling them away? To become the son-in-law of my uncle's business manager! I wonder I don't go mad!"

He beat his forehead fiercely with his clenched hand. His fury was appalling. In all his experience of men, Grimrod had never seen any similar blazing passion.

"Come, come," said Grimrod, after a little. "It's not so bad, after all. Hilda's the same girl you married. No one will ever know she is not Lord Waldemar's granddaughter—no one but you and I, Hilda and Mrs. Watchley."

"Who is Mrs. Watchley?"

"Hilda's aunt. The sister of my late wife."

"Another relative. Ha, ha! And how did you and my aunt-in-law contrive this most monstrous imposition?"

Grimrod explained how, after his wife's death, the letters came to Squire Floyd from his son's wife, announcing the existence of the baby Hilda, and describing the scars upon the little person of the heiress. He said that when the later letter came announcing Mrs. Floyd's death, he had conceived the idea of putting his own motherless child into the place of the real heiress. He explained at full length how he had schemed and planned and watched, how fortune had favored him in keeping away the real Hilda, and how he had at last placed his daughter in the home of the Floyds, as the next in the Waldemar succession.

"This barony of Waldemar, with all the wealth attached to it," concluded Grimrod, "has been a bone of contention, as Squire Floyd's estate was. You wanted both, and I believe it was to your treachery in some way that Wallace Floyd's marriage was due. You have fought for the barony for yourself. I have fought for it for my daughter. We have both won. Let us make the most of our victory, and be friends."

Moer replied by a burst of frenzied ravings.

"This isn't going to help you," said Grimrod quietly. "You are married to Hilda, and you will be wise to make the most of her. You can assist in making her position secure. She will cajole Lord Waldemar into an affection for her, now that she knows the truth. The Baron will soon forget his suspicions. The real heiress is dead probably—"

"She is not. I know her. I loved her. I love her still," raved Moer, in a renewed paroxysm of frenzy, as the full force of what he had lost burst upon him. "She is as beautiful, as fair, as sweet, as lovely, as your daughter is hideous to me. I have been a fool. If I had been true to her, I should have been at this moment the husband of the real heiress. I could shoot myself for my mad folly."

"What! You have known the real heiress? No, no!"

"But I say Yes. I have been married to her—"

Grimrod sprang back.

"Then all is lost!" cried the manager hollowly. "This marriage to Hilda was but a mockery, and you are married to the real heiress! If this is true— But I cannot, will not believe it."

"It was that marriage, the one to the real heiress, that was a mockery," groaned Moer. "It is null and void. I am the husband of your charming daughter fast enough. I have thrown away the diamond; I hold the paste carefully in my hands. When I think of what might have been and what is, I could shoot myself—and you too, you villain!"

Worn out by his maddening conflict of emotions, Moer sank down upon a couch and covered his face with his hands.

"Where is this real heiress?" asked the manager softly.

Moer replied only by a hysterical laugh.

"She must be hidden away from all possibility of an encounter with Lord Waldemar," said Grimrod.

"Yes, for he has seen her, and he suspects her identity. She resembles his son. He will search for her. She ought to be shipped a long voyage."

"To a port whence there is no return," said the manager significantly. "If you refuse to stand by me, and go back to this beautiful girl who so surpasses Hilda in your estimation, I'll announce your marriage to Hilda in every morning newspaper, and will tell Lord Waldemar myself. There is no escape for you from this marriage."

"I know it," said Moer, with the dull languor of hopelessness and exhaustion. "I must abide by the bit of paste I have preferred to the diamond!"

His soul was swept with the waves of a deep despair. The iron of retribution was eating its way into his spirit. The keen misery of this hour might atone for years of wickedness, one would think.

"You realize that if Lord Waldemar has seen the true Hilda, and suspects that she is his granddaughter, that you are not safe while she lives, do you not?" asked the manager. "He may see her at any time. If he should claim her in Hilda's place, he would kick us all out. I have lost my fortune, and you are poor. What would become of us?"

"It is even worse than you think. Detectives have been searching for the girl for weeks. If they should happen to find her, it's all over with us forever."

"Moer, that girl must die!"

"Yes," said Moer, "she must die!"

"Where is she?"

"I cannot tell you. She is in safe hands. I will attend to—to disposing of her. It is best that you should not see her. She shall die: rest assured of that."

"You do not mean to play me false? Remember that your marriage with her now is worth nothing. Remember you are in my power."

"I remember. Gods! Do you think I can forget it?"

"And you will kill her?"

Moer turned his Italian eyes full upon Grimrod. There was a glare of murder in them. The manager was satisfied.

"I see you mean business," he said.

Moer laughed hoarsely.

"I am in the toils of one keener than I," he said. "All I can do is to make the best of a bad bargain. I've brought my wares to a poor market, but I must accept the pay I bargained for. I loved this other girl—she thought herself my wife. I could have been proud of her. One would think this retribution. Tregaron loves her too, and wants to marry her."

"What! Is she Miss Glint, who visited Lady Thaxter? And whom my lord admired so fervently?"

"Yes, that Honor Glint is the real Hilda Floyd. She has disappeared, and Sir Hugh Tregaron is turning every stone in Britain to find her. Her whereabouts may be discovered any day. She would be brought to London, her story would be told, and Lord Waldemar would recognize her as his granddaughter. I begin to see that I stand upon a slippery place. I have cast my lot in with you, and must work with you."

"Where did Miss Glint come from? What is her history?"

"Captain Glint found her in the arms of her nurse in the streets of Valetta. The nurse was stricken with fever, and was left at Marseilles. Captain Glint brought the girl up a lady, and as his daughter. If I had known more about the history of the heiress, I must have suspected Honor's identity with Hilda Floyd. She bears a wonderful resemblance to Wallace."

"Her existence is dangerous to us. She is at the Cypresses—"

"How do you know?"

"I suspected it, because it is you who have hidden her away, and because you have no other place in which to conceal her. Let Sir Hugh Tregaron mention one word about you to Lord Waldemar in connection with this girl's disappearance, and the Baron will tell him to search the Cypresses. You are foolhardy. The girl must be got rid of—to-night."

"To-night. I shall start for Huntingdonshire by the first train. To-night!"

The murderous glare came back to Darrel Moer's eyes, and Grimrod smiled with satisfaction as he read his companion's fell purpose. He knew that Moer's soul was strung to the terrible deed which he commanded.

They lingered a little longer, and then Moer went up to his room, and held conference with Bing. Within the hour he left the house, proceeded to the station, and started on his journey into Huntingdonshire, the dread and awful purpose deepening with every moment into implacability and determination.

Unknown to him, and inflamed with the same horrible design, Grimrod was upon the same train.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE BAG.

A few days since I met my old friend—a friend of former years—Nat. Moses. Five and thirty years ago Nat. was accounted the strongest man in Middlesex county, and meeting him now recalled to mind an achievement of his which was much enjoyed at the time of its occurrence. Nat. lived in Malden, and was one day on his way to Charlestown on foot. Just before reaching the bridge that spanned Mystic River he met a wayfaring man, forlorn and dejected, with traces of tears upon his cheeks, of whom, in a sympathetic manner, he inquired the cause of his sorrow. The man of grief replied that he desired very much to go to Charlestown, but that he had not a penny of money, and that the toll-man would not let him pass the bridge gate. Nat. satisfied himself that the man was unfortunate, and instead of giving him the money wherewith to pay his toll he concluded to play a game upon the gate-keeper.

Moses was a mason by trade, and being on his way to the tannery on the Neck for a lot of hair for mortar, he chanced to have a large canvas bag with him in which he had proposed to have his purchase packed for transportation. Advancing to the toll-gate, he hailed the keeper,—

"Say, Breed, suppose I get my bag filled, and carry it on my shoulder, you won't charge me anything extra for foot passage, eh?"

"Certainly not," replied Breed.

"All right," said Nat. And turning back, he spread and opened his bag, and bade the man of grief to get in. The wayfarer saw the point, and obeyed. Breed also saw the point, and withdrew into his toll-house while the strong man passed through with his loaded bag; and for once, at least, he was forced to confess that he had been openly defrauded of a toll beyond the hope of redress. C.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Heartlessness of Gambling—Caution to Young Ladies.

On the evening of the 31st of November, in a public saloon, at the corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway, in this city, an auctioneer was engaged in selling goods, as it is called, on the election: that is, a peculiar and somewhat complicated mode of betting on candidates, which we ourselves do not understand, although we know that it is simply a modern way of laying wages.

The crowd of attendants was large, and the bidding was spirited, when all of a sudden a pistol shot was heard, and a man lay stretched out groaning on the floor, the blood oozing from the fatal wound in the side of his head.

The man had been deliberately murdered; his assassin had fled down the street, and the police-officers were in search of him.

But not only had a human life been thus heartlessly destroyed, but the business interrupted, and that, it seemed, at all events, most of all, even though in the immediate presence of Death.

When we read of such occurrences, it does not seem as if they belonged to the present. We fancy ourselves carried back to the time of the French Revolution, when brutality reigned, and the idea of sanctity was detached from human life.

Those who have made the most observation of gambling say that even more than other vices it enervates the heart, and destroys all the better instincts of human nature.

We have heard of a man gambling in the house with the corpse of his deceased wife, and this account of the awful selfishness makes it look as if such a shocking thing might have happened.

To young women who are about to decide upon offers of marriage, we say with great emphasis, *Never accept a man who gambles, for your partner in life.* Whatever qualities he may possess in connection with him, he will not make you a good husband.

The fortune of a gambler—no matter how large it may be sometimes—is always precarious. He is constantly exposed to be reduced to great straits, which must fail to render a man moody, irritable and sour. The irresistible tendency of the vice is to make its possessor more and more hardened, until he becomes callous to all good influences.

The habit of gambling is much more common than is generally supposed, and is the real, secret and unknown cause of many mysterious fall and suicide of many a young man.

It is often difficult for a young lady to discover the addiction of a suitor to the gambling habit; and it has been, in too many instances, the unhappy fate of a fleeting bride, after a few months' dream of connubial bliss, to be abruptly awakened to the terrible reality that she had become the wife of a confirmed gambler.

It is not so patent and easily seen as other vices. It does not discover itself like the cup, nor does it betray itself like the opium vice. It does not render the unhappy victim, who, even when indulged in to the greatest excess; nor does it betray itself by the breath even in the kiss of love. It is apt, however, to be made apparent to keen observation by an open fondness of gaming of some of the whole; and also regarded as the least objectionable.

The habit once confirmed, is seldom, if ever, permanently abandoned. The intensity of its excitement which it affords renders ordinary kinds of business dull and tame, and no matter how plainly the gambler may perceive that the vice which he has entered upon will straight to destruction, he who once yields to the fascination loses henceforth and for ever, the power of resistance.

Base Ball—Be Done with Gambling.

The gamblers' pool-box is evidently ruining the noble game of base ball, and we say we hope soon occasionally to see a game of ball can easily practised. Two or three years ago, six or eight thousand people usually attended a championship game, but since the pool-box has been introduced one will not see more than a few hundred present, and they consist chiefly of gamblers. The most important players should see to this matter, and next season have the pool-box removed from the ball ground. If they do, they will find that the game will once rise in its old standard, and that the best young men in the country who are in the habit of playing the game will come to observing it, are interested in seeing this done. But gambling be abolished in all sports.

Men Affected as well as Animals.

President THIERS of France has been afflicted with a bad cold and sore throat, which he attributes to the state of the weather.

He is undoubtedly right in thinking the weather the cause of his malady. It is agreed on all hands that the distemper among horses is occasioned by the weather; and a good many people are affected much as the horses are; but precisely what it is in the weather—what the peculiarity is—which produces these effects, is an unsolved problem.

Lovers' Quarrels—Proposed Flag of Truce.

Lovers quarrel. That is the rule. If there are lovers who do not quarrel, they constitute the happy exception.

Why should lovers quarrel? There is no better answer to that question than by asking another: Why are people made as they are?

Some lovers keep up a sort of constant running fire upon each other—never intended to kill, or to wound very deeply; but only to annoy and tantalize, as if for the very purpose of testing their love by ascertaining mutually how much they will bear from each other, without breaking off forever!

Breaking off forever! Ah, that is the fatal ending of many a lovers' quarrel! It may arise from the most trifling of causes. There may not have been any intention, or even willingness to offend on either side. Yet the words once opened in nere headed. Many such cases come under our observation; and although, as WASHINGTON IRVING held, it may be that men seldom die of a broken heart, still their whole lives are often rendered less happy, and the ability to love requires to work the healing, ere they not unfrequently miserably.

Well, very likely the reader agrees, if lovers always quarrel, that it is a pity; and likewise why, then it seems to be inevitable, and there is nothing but but to submit to the irreversible decree.

There is something in that, too. Lovers quarrel and will never be wholly prevented. At the same time they may be diminished, and their evil effects lessened.

They may be rendered fewer, if anticipated, and guarded against. The very thought that your love renders it impossible for you to quarrel, and you will not be so likely to quarrel. You will be more extraordinary in your actions, and more tolerant and patient toward each other's shortcomings.

Bear ever in mind how easily differences arise, and how difficult it is to make up. Love will make you think twice before you give or take offense.

If misunderstandings occur, examine your own heart and your own conduct with stern severity. Be assertively humble and very gentle and kind. Even, yes, let no false pride prevent the promptness and fullness of confession and apology.

When armies are contending with each other, under the laws of civilized warfare, they be opened for a settlement and peace.

We think it would be well to have some kind of a flag of truce to be established by which negotiations might be opened among lovers, when they are now between dissatisfied lovers. Let it be a flag to be belonged to the white dove of peace would be preferable to war.

The Horse Distemper—The Same Thing Occurred Once Before in the Course of Two Years Ago.

The horse distemper has been next to universal in this city. In many other cities and towns in the United States it has prevailed more or less, and in some instances to such a degree as to almost entirely suspend the business of the whole community.

The disease is of a peculiar character, and is not generally supposed, and is the real, secret and unknown cause of many mysterious fall and suicide of many a young man.

That our last summer was extraordinarily hot is established by carefully kept public records, which show it to have been the hottest for over one hundred years.

Then, as now, it followed after the hot weather was over—though at a period a little later in Great Britain than here, corresponding with the difference of climate.

The fact is, that the most epidemic and universally spreading disease among horses that any one living remembered."

Then, as now, it was a severe surprise to the influenza and catarrhal fever" among mankind.

Then, as now, "it seized the animals like a violent cold, with heaviness, loss of appetite, cough and laborious breathing, and then a profuse running at the nose and mouth of a digested or undigested, gruelly matter."

All of those points, corresponding precisely with the disease as it now appears, and which are laid down in a treatise on "Animal Physics, or the Natural History of Quadrupeds," by GEORGE FLEMING, F.R.G.S., etc., a standard authority.

The following is MR. FLEMING'S description of the disease, as it manifested itself in England:

A.D. 1826.—In Ireland the spring was dry and cold, and the summer was warm, but not very hot. On the 20th of July, and within the next few days in June were the "hottest in the memory of man." The same was recorded of this year in Yorkshire, Northumberland, as on the former occasion, and in other parts of England. The autumn was more moderate, and the winter of 1826-7 was mild. "About the middle or latter end of December, the usually healthy aspect of the country was disturbed by a severe disease among horses that soon became of a most alarming character. Almost every horse in the kingdom was affected by it, and many died. The disease was accompanied by a general cough all England almost in an instant, and towards the end of the month it appeared in Scotland. In Lancaster and Ulster almost, if not quite, as soon as in Dublin, and was scarcely less general in Belfast, in town or country but had it." It seized the animals like a violent cold, with heaviness, loss of appetite, cough and laborious breathing, and then a profuse running at the nose and mouth of a digested or undigested, gruelly matter, upon which they grew rapidly weaker, and died in a few days. The disease was not confined to horses, for the death of our horses in the city was imputed rather to the men who had the care of them, than to any malignity in the disease; for it was observed that "the disease was not fatal to men, although many were kept at home for a short time about the middle of January, 1827."

In Ireland "many the disease shall vanish as soon after its appearance as it did, according to the above account, one hundred and twenty-two years ago, in Ireland, all owners of horses—to say nothing of those who, directly or indirectly, are benefited by them, which includes everybody—will shortly have occasion to rejoice.

Appropriately Named.

A woman named *Belcher* has been found guilty of starving to death a little boy, six years old.

CHANCE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There is much said against *games of chance*; and it may be worth while for your readers to have some golden principle in regard to them about such matters. Those who say that there is nothing wrong in the use of chance, in a proper manner, refer to the fact that, in the Jewish church, the LOT was not only used, but that it was substantially a part of the sanctity constitution of the nation. The fact is substantially true. It was usually true of almost all ancient nations.

We have the case of Jonathan, and the tribes by lot; after the captivity, Jerusalem was repeopled from the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, selected by lot; the spoil of battle and conquered cities was divided by lot; men were selected for battle by lot; the distribution of priestly service in the temple among the sirtieen of the family of Eleazar and the eight of Ithamar, was by lot. Matthias was chosen by lot by the apostles to fill the place made vacant by the apostasy of Judas. The lot was used for the detection of SAUL, and, in the case of Jonathan, and the discovery of the crime of Achan.

The lot, for the most part, is doubtful or obscure—but it is used in a social way when men had not learned the art of investigation, and before there was any other means of evidence; before judicial tribunals had been established. It was a mode of ascertaining the truth; when affairs were likely to be determined by the strongest party.

Imperfect as the lot must have been, as a mode of test, it was certainly a great advance over the precipitate action inspired by passion, and by the fiery partisans of the strongest, and, perhaps, called them to the arbitrament of a higher power.

The lot, in fact, was but a step in advance of the duel, which is a social

THE HICKORY FIRE.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Among the things I most admire
Is the cheerful light of a hickory fire.

I like to sit and watch the blaze
That over the back-log curls and plays.

But more I like the cherry glow,
With orange and blue, in the coals below.

The embers open a book to me,
And wonderful pictures its pages be.

They bring back images from the vast,
The shadowy, half-forgotten past.

My early trouble and early pain,
And early joy, come back again.

There are the Schuylkill's sloping hills,
Its grand old trees, and singing rills.

And there the nook wherein one day
We sat and dreamed the hours away.

But she has gone with her violet eyes;
Within the church-yard old she lies.

But she has gone with her locks of gold,
And I am childless, gray and old.

It changes now to a glowing red—
My present life before me spread.

Little in that to please I see—
The present is too well known to me.

Again a change—a burned stick falls;
Sparks arise, and a city's walls.

This is the future now I spy,
With the boundless grasp of a dreamer's eye.

There castle and palace, baton and crown,
Rise from the depths and tumble down.

Riches so vast they pass all count;
A height it makes one giddy to mount.

And thus for riches, and thus for sway,
I come to my hickory fire alway.

Lamp of the genius never I need,
Nor the wondrous ring of the great Djemsheed.

For I cross the sticks at an angle—so,
For flame above, and for air below.

I pile the dry logs high and higher,
I grasp the poker, and stir the fire;

And want how much whatever I may,
I start to dreamland right away.

Is it a wonder I admire
The cheerful light of a hickory fire?

The storm outside may whistle and roar,
The sleet may drive, the hail may pour.

What does it matter then to me,
So long as these pleasant things I see;

And visions of past and future days
Rise in the fire to the old man's gaze?

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

MRS. HAWLEY AT DESOLATION.

Upon the deck of the *Ocean Monarch*, as she neared Desolation, sat Mrs. Hawley, looking intently shoreward, with an interest and anxiety too deep for expression.

Beside her was her baby, in the arms of his nurse, and a few yards away stood Miss Dail and Mr. Wilber, arm in arm, dividing their thoughts and glances between the island and their immediate surroundings.

All along the deck had gathered the passengers and crew, wondering why the ship was calling at Desolation, for not a word had been breathed of the plot of which Hawley was the victim, not an accusation had been made, not the least gossip provoked; only those immediately concerned in Mrs. Hawley's movements having been informed of their object.

Prominent in his place aft, in the midst of the men he was directing, stood the commander of the clipper, Capt. Britton, an honest, hearty, whole-souled gentleman, as commanders almost invariably are.

"And it is *here* that my poor husband was abandoned so infamously a long, long year ago," murmured the young wife and mother, as her eyes roamed searchingly over the wild and rugged shores before her. "It is here that he has suffered—and, possibly, died!"

"Oh, you will find him all safe," assured Wilber. "In less than an hour you will see him."

The thought was too overwhelming for speech. Mrs. Hawley relapsed into silence.

"You may shake out our colors, Mr. Everly," said Captain Britton to his first officer.

The order was promptly executed.

"If your husband is still here, as I hope and believe, he will be glad to see the old flag," added the commander, in a low voice, in the ear of Mrs. Hawley. "But you must be brave, my dear young lady. Even if we see no sign of him—even if we get no trace of him here—you need not despair. Some passing ship may have rescued him, or at the worst, Miss Pedder may have been here before us and taken him away in the *Childers*."

"In any case, a few short hours or even minutes will throw light on these questions," said Mrs. Hawley, "and I shall certainly try to be hopeful and patient."

The ship advanced rapidly, with a favoring breeze, and at length rounded Cape Français and began to lay her course into the harbor.

"A schooner anchored at the head of the bay," suddenly reported a seaman on the forecastle, and the announcement was instantly passed along to the commander.

"A schooner—a yacht, in fact," said Capt. Britton to Mrs. Hawley, as soon as he had taken a look at the stranger through his glass. "It's odd enough to see her here."

"Why so, sir?"

"She's all out of her world. Such craft do not often undertake such a voyage as she must have made to come here. She may have a good reason, however, for being where she is."

The yacht at once became an object of great interest, as the clipper swept on toward the inner harbor. But less than half the distance between Cape Français and the usual anchorage had been traversed by the *Monarch*, when a boat containing five men pushed off from the yacht, and began pulling strongly in the direction of the clipper.

"Heave to, Mr. Everly, in time to allow them to board us," commanded Capt. Britton. "They are evidently coming to meet us, and it may be unnecessary for us to anchor."

A few moments later the ship was hove to, and the boat came along side.

The four men rowing appeared to the casual eye ordinary sailors. They may have looked a little rough, but they were certainly well-behaved, being quiet, silent and respectful.

The fifth individual, who steered the boat, seated in its stern, looked respectable enough, and displayed some of the dignity pertaining to authority, the least glance at him showing that he was in charge of the party. He was stout and burly of frame, and his chief characteristics were a huge beard and a bushy head of hair that fairly enveloped his upper extremity.

"Will you board us?" asked Capt. Britton of the evident leader of the party.

"That depends, sir. If you are calling for fresh water, as I suppose, you had better stand up to the yacht before anchoring—"

"We are not here for water."

"No? I see that you are American," and the speaker glanced up at the national flag, "and as my owners are American, I have taken the liberty—"

"Come aboard at once, sir," interrupted Capt. Britton. "No apologies are needed. On the contrary, I am glad to see you. Perhaps you can tell us in a word what it would otherwise take us several hours to discover."

The stranger laid hold of the rope ladder lowered to him, and mounted briskly to the deck. Some sailors threw a rope to the boat, which was duly caught by the men therein, and the boat thus retained along side.

"But first let me know what I can do for you," resumed Britton smilingly, as he offered his hand to the stranger.

"I want a few fine stores, sir, and some brandy or whisky. Mr. Aymar and Mr. Hawley will sail in the yacht for New York to-morrow morning."

A wild ejaculation came from Mrs. Hawley's lips, as she sprang to her feet and fixed her gaze upon the stranger.

"Hawley—did you say?" she managed to articulate.

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Hawley and his uncle are the owners of the yacht you see here, ma'am. Perhaps I may as well say that I'm the sailing-master of the yacht, and my name's Gorrel, at your service, ma'am. We're very much in need of these stores, Captain," continued Mr. Gorrel, addressing himself again to Captain Britton, with the air of having finished his remarks to the lady. "The fact is, you see, both Mr. Hawley and Mr. Aymar have been seeing very rough times lately. Mr. Hawley came here for fresh water a year ago in his ship, the *Flying Childers*, of New York. He was assaulted while ashore by some unknown crazy person who is still lurking here, and was carried off to a cave, the whole thing happening in such a way that he was supposed by his captain and crew to have tumbled into the sea. The result of that misfortune was that Mr. Hawley has been obliged to stay here ever since, and has suffered a great deal, once or twice almost starving to death. As to his uncle, Mr. Aymar—Mr. Thomas Aymar of Calcutta—he has had a very hard time indeed. He sailed for America the middle of last February, but his ship was chased and destroyed by pirates, and he barely escaped with his life with the other passengers in the boats. He was picked up in a day or two thereafter and carried to Melbourne. Here he tried to find a ship bound for America, but none was to be had. Then he tried to buy a ship, but couldn't. In this extremity he came across my old employer, Lord Wycklough, who owned this yacht here, and who had set out to sail around the world in her. But Lord Wycklough was already tired of the voyage, and he was glad, therefore, on hearing how much Mr. Aymar wanted to sail for New York—Lord Wycklough was glad, I say, sir, to sell the yacht at a low price to Mr. Aymar, whom he had known in India, and go back in a steamer to England. Mr. Aymar was anxious to have me remain in the yacht—he kept all of the crew, in fact—and away we sailed for New York. Our water got foul, however, as we got up into this neighborhood, and so we called here yesterday—"

CAPTAIN LUKE PEDDER DISCOVERING HIMSELF TO MRS. HAWLEY.

"And here you found Mr. Hawley?" interrupted Mrs. Hawley breathlessly.

"Exactly, ma'am, here we found Mr. Hawley, and in a few minutes it all came out that he was Mr. Aymar's nephew, having married the only daughter of Mr. Aymar's brother, a Miss Clara Aymar, if I remember rightly, and the rejoicings we have all been having here you can't imagine."

The face of Mrs. Hawley had flushed deeper and deeper with every word of this false narration.

"And where—is Mr. Hawley now?" she breathed softly, restraining the joyous excitement that had taken possession of her whole being. "On the yacht?"

"No, ma'am. He's some miles away with his uncle in the interior of the island. We expect them back early in the evening. They may not come until morning, to be sure, but they hoped to get through with their business before night. But excuse me, ma'am, for troubling you with these details. I merely intended to say enough to you, sir," and he turned again to Britton, "to make it plain why we are in need of the stores mentioned, and especially of some brandy. Mr. Hawley has suffered so much here that he is in rather feeble health, and Mr. Aymar is far from strong. The minute I saw you coming, I resolved to ask you for a few supplies, captain, and so prepare a little surprise for Mr. Hawley and his uncle against their return. I will pay for everything, of course—"

"No, you won't," interrupted Capt. Britton, as he again extended his hand to his visitor. "See here, Mr. Gorrel," and his voice vibrated with a deep emotion. "In return for all your information, permit me to give you some. Your coming here at this moment is as timely as was the fall of manna from heaven to the ancient Hebrews. This lady is Mrs. Hawley, the wife of Mr. Hawley and the niece of Mr. Aymar, and the very object for which we have called here to-day is to look for her husband."

"No? It isn't possible!"

"Such is indeed the fact, Mr. Gorrel," said Mrs. Hawley quickly, her full heart of joy running over in her eyes and in her voice, "and every word of your information has rolled a mountain of misery and anxiety from our souls."

"No! Can it be that you are anything to Mr. Hawley, ma'am, and that you are here to look for him? It's too surprising for belief."

And Mr. Gorrel put on a look of wondering surprise, and seemed to be in a state of positive bewilderment.

"It is even as we tell you, Mr. Gorrel," said the young wife and mother, in a glow of glad emotions. "I am Mr. Hawley's wife—formerly the very Clara Aymar whose name you have mentioned. I am aware that Uncle Thomas sailed the middle of last February for home, and your good faith is proven by the perfect agreement of all you have said with my own knowledge. I have learned too of the sad accident that befell my husband here, and it is to release him that I have undertaken this long voyage."

Mr. Gorrel stood in a puzzled wonder for a few moments, evidently at a loss to comprehend how all these things could be as stated.

"Well, well," he then commented, "if you are sure that Mr. Hawley is your husband, it's all right, I suppose, although I can't for the life of me make out— But never mind. If everything is as you suppose, ma'am, why, you have come just in time, for we should have been off for New York before your arrival, if you hadn't come until to-morrow night."

"Thank God that I have arrived as I have!" murmured Mrs. Hawley feelingly. "Has the *Childers* been here before us?"

"Yes, ma'am, just a year ago to-day. It was in the *Childers*, you know—"

"But I mean, has the *Childers* been here lately—within a few days, or possibly weeks?"

"No, ma'am. No ship has been here—no ship whatever. If any had been here, Mr. Hawley would have sailed away in her."

"We have beaten Miss Pedder," said Mrs. Hawley to Capt. Britton, lowering her voice, and dismissing all the agonies of the past few months in a single brief sigh. "It does seem as if miracles were being wrought in our favor. My husband is not only alive and well, but Uncle Thomas is with him, and they have a stout little yacht in which we can all sail together for home immediately. Did any greater sorrow ever end in brighter gladness than mine?"

"Never. I rejoice with you from the bottom of my soul. This man is evidently honesty and simplicity itself. He came here merely for a few stores, but at almost his first word he lets out the weighty news we are dying to hear. Nothing could be better."

"And here my voyage with you suddenly ends," said Mrs. Hawley. "You will go on to Australia, while I return to New York in the company of my husband and uncle."

"Will you go aboard the yacht immediately?"

"I would like to—so as to be there when my husband and Uncle Thomas come back from the island. By the way, Mr. Gorrel," she added, raising her voice, "what is the nature of the business that has called my husband into the interior of the island?"

"The reply is for your private ear, ma'am—no offence to any of your friends."

Mrs. Hawley nodded assent, and Mr. Gorrel whispered a few words in her ear.

She started and smiled.

"He says they have got track of the fortune lost by Uncle Thomas ten years ago," said she to Capt. Britton, in a tone too low to reach the ears of any of the sailors or passengers standing near them. "This fortune was buried here by the pirates, and uncle and my husband have gone to recover it."

"Astonishing!" commented Britton. "I see that all our affairs here are in the full tide of prosperity. We'll give Mr. Gorrel his stores immediately, and then I will escort you to the yacht in one of our boats. Your friends will go with us, and all your trunks and boxes?"

"Of course. My leave-taking of you is a final one for the present. But you will remain with me long enough to see my husband and uncle?"

"If possible. By the way, Mr. Gorrel, when will Mr. Hawley be back?"

"He talked of returning before dark. But my opinion is that he will not be back until morning."

"Not until morning," repeated Britton, as a shadow crossed his brow. "I don't quite like to remain here so long, but I will. A few words of explanation to the passengers will prevent any complaints—"

"Excuse me, Captain Britton. I must oppose your generous resolve. I must respect the rights of the other passengers and the interests of your owners. A brief call of the ship here is all I ever intended. You can send Mr. Gorrel away with his stores, as you suggested—"

"I will do so now. Permit me to give the necessary orders."

This matter was promptly disposed of, and the boat, laden with a profusion of supplies, set out on its return to the yacht.

"And now we will follow them," said Mrs. Hawley. "I am impatient to be off."

The little party took leave of their friends on the *Monarch*, and followed in the wake of Mr. Gorrel's boat, soon arriving alongside the yacht and mounting to her deck. Mr. Gorrel was on hand to receive them, escorting them all over the beautiful little craft, and talking constantly of Mr. Hawley and Mr. Aymar in a way that made Mrs. Hawley and her friends feel entirely at home with him. A single state-room was not visited, the door being locked, but Gorrel explained that this was Mr. Aymar's, and contained sundry private effects which it pleased the old gentleman to guard from the general sight, and none of the guests thought anything strange of the matter.

For half an hour or more Capt. Britton lingered in the cabin of the yacht, hoping that Mr. Hawley and his uncle would come, but as he finally grew uneasy, Mrs. Hawley could not refrain from saying:

"You see that I am perfectly at home here, Captain Britton, and I cannot be selfish enough to ask you to remain longer."

"I shall have to stay at the island all night, if I do not get under way soon," returned the captain, glancing through a port-hole at the darkening sky. "You feel perfectly safe here, and all that sort of thing?"

"Of course. Perhaps we had better say good-bye, as gladly as I would keep you here until my husband's arrival. But you will come and see us on your return to New York?"

"Yes, I will. Remember me to your husband meanwhile. You think of nothing more in particular to say or request?"

"Nothing, only to thank you for all your kindness."

A few minutes more were consumed in the final greetings and recommendations inseparable from such an occasion, and then Capt. Britton returned to his boat, and was rowed back to his ship.

Mrs. Hawley accompanied him to the deck, and even lingered there, with Miss Dail beside her, until he had reached his ship, got under way, and was standing swiftly out of the harbor. Then the couple went back to the cabin, where Mr. Wilber was playing with the baby, which he had taken from the arms of its nurse, and where Mr. Gorrel, who had dumped himself into a seat, was looking around upon the new-comers with a glance as strange as it was furtive.

And as Mrs. Hawley and Miss Dail thus joined the little group, the door of the state-room which had been noticed as being locked was suddenly opened from within, calling every eye in that direction, and Captain Luke Pedder emerged into the cabin!

CHAPTER XLII.

REACHING A SATISFACTORY RESULT.

The revulsion of feeling which shook Mrs. Hawley's frame at sight of Pedder is beyond description. To this day she cannot look back to that awful moment without a shudder.

A single glance told her all.

She had defied her enemy too soon!

He had stolen the march upon her—arrived at the island in advance of her. The yacht was Pedder's yacht. Its crew were Pedder's minions.

In a word, she was entrapped!

If she had had the least doubt of her situation, a glance at the smile of infernal triumph upon Pedder's face would have enlightened her.

"My husband is not here, then?" she demanded, endeavoring to calm the wild throbbings of her heart, as she sank into a seat.

"If you mean Mr. Hawley—no," replied Pedder, with smiling insolence. "If you mean the happy individual who is destined to be your next husband—yes!"

"This Mr. Gorrel is an impostor?"

"This Mr. Gorrel is my old friend Tom Breeling. Show the lady your face, Tom, and let her see that it's a beauty!"

Tom tore off his false beard and hair, and revealed his evil countenance, in all its repulsiveness, with an insulting grin of triumph.

"Tom has seen you before," resumed Pedder. "He is the renowned pork merchant of Cincinnati, Deacon Abraham Sanborn, who so cruelly deceived our dear Mrs. Piper, and robbed you of twenty-five hundred dollars. Mrs. Piper having informed me of your sudden departure for Desolation, I concluded to buy the fastest sea-going yacht that money could procure and follow you. Here I am accordingly, and it is hardly necessary for me to assure you that I renew my acquaintance with you with the greatest delight."

"And my husband? Oh! where is my husband?"

"You mean Hawley? Well, Hawley was rescued from this island nearly a year ago by a whaler, and sailed to Melbourne. Where he went afterward, I haven't the least idea. Fact is, I'm not his keeper."

"And all this talk about Uncle Thomas is false—as false as the rest of your Breeling's assertions!"

"Quite correct. In nine cases out of ten, you can stake your bottom dollar that anything Tom Breeling tells you is sadly in need of confirmation. Hearken now to the facts. Your Uncle Thomas was chased and overhauled by a pirate, as before, and he escaped in a boat, as before, but from that day to this no passing vessel has had a glimpse of him, and it is only reasonable to conclude—eight or ten months having elapsed since then—that the unfortunate gentleman has gone to the bottom, unless his powers of floating are equal to those of the Flying Dutchman."

Mrs. Hawley grew sick at heart. Inquiries of this wretch were vain; silence was preferable.

"Escape is impossible," she murmured. "I must resign myself to this captivity, I suppose. Do you intend to kill me, Captain Pedder?"

"Not the least killing, I assure you. That would be shockingly wasteful."

"May I inquire your immediate plans and purposes concerning me?"

"Certainly. You will be placed in this state-room on your right hand—the one over the door of which you see a simple legend in the shape of a figure three. You will have a nice table served regularly to you in your apartment, and will have a list of choice wines to choose from, to say nothing of such ordinary drinks as tea, coffee, and ale. No dog shall bite you for the next three weeks, if I can help it. No mad steer shall toss you on his horns, unless he slips through the port-hole to do it. Will you retire to your new quarters immediately?"

"I shall be glad to do so."

"This way, then."

He threw open the door of the state-room indicated, and Mrs. Hawley arose and moved in that direction, after enjoining by a gesture Miss Dail and the nurse to take the baby from Mr. Wilber and follow her. She had no sooner entered the state-room, however, than Pedder closed and locked the door between her and her friends, and placed his back against it.

"The room is too small for so many," he said mockingly. "Besides, I have other plans for the rest of you."

"Other plans?" repeated the nurse, as the silent tears she had hitherto been shedding suddenly increased to a torrent, while she moaned and wrung her hands. "What have I done, sir, that I should be treated so cruelly? What has Mrs. Hawley done?"

"Silence, you old goose, or I'll throw you to the sharks. Over the door of your apartment you will see a legend in the shape of a figure four. That is your room, old girl, and the sooner you get the door locked between you and me, the better it will be for you."

"Oh, sir—"

"Not a word! In to your room with you," interrupted Pedder, pushing the terrified and anguished woman before him. "In with you, and let's have no noise about it!"

Pushing her into the apartment assigned her, he closed and locked the door upon her.

"That hives the mistress and nurse," said he, "and now for the rest of you."

He turned his baleful gaze upon Miss Dail, who had taken charge of Mrs. Hawley's baby, and stood leaning against the wall of the cabin, watching Pedder's movements.

Until this moment he had not seemed to see her, but the look of hatred and revenge he now fixed upon her was murderous.

"So, I see you again, Miss Dail?" he said hoarsely. "I have never dared hope for such a pleasure as this. But for you my plot would have been a success. You alone are responsible for my failure. It is right that you should suffer. I will not kill you outright, as I might have done had I encountered you in the first moments of my bitterness and disappointment. I will merely send you where there is not the least danger of your ever doing me any further injury. Tom," he added, turning to his executive, "take the young lady in a boat, and set her ashore upon Sentry-box island. You can enlighten her as you go along in regard to the parties she will meet there and the circumstances in which she will find them."

Tom instantly arose, uttering a whistle-call.

"This way, Miss Dail," said he, stepping toward the entrance of the cabin.

"One moment," said Wilber, who had also arisen and drawn a revolver. "Do not lay a finger upon Miss Dail—"

"Seize him," interrupted Pedder impatiently, as several of his men came hurrying into the cabin, in response to Breeling's call.

The struggles of Wilber were desperate, and he succeeded in discharging two chambers of his revolver, but he failed to inflict any injury upon his assailants, and to long resist their united efforts was out of the question. He was speedily secured, and bound so tightly, hand and foot, that he could not move.

"Take her away, Tom," then said Pedder, indicating the young lady.

"This way, Miss Dail," repeated Tom, seizing her by the arm. "Come with me."

She resisted desperately, without loosing her hold of the baby—resisted so long and so well that Tom was obliged to call for assistance. The baby was hurt in the contest, and its wild cries soon added to the tumult, but they were immediately drowned by the wilder screams of Mrs. Hawley, who beat furiously upon her door. But the awful scene was of brief duration. Miss Dail was secured and hurried away, with the baby still clasped to her heart, and Pedder cried after his retreating minions:

"Take the brat away with her! I won't be bothered with him."

Mrs. Hawley heard the words, and the blow was too horrible for endurance. She sank unconscious to the floor.

Hurried on deck and into a boat, Miss Dail was on her way to Sentry-box island before she could fully realize the violence to which she and her friends had been subjected. The continued crying of the baby, to which she still clung, soon focused her thoughts upon the little innocent, and she busied herself in soothing its fears and in lulling it to sleep.

"You can come out now, Ruth," called Pedder, when Miss Dail and her oppressors had gone. "And you, Bantam."

The couple named immediately emerged into the cabin—Miss Pedder from the room her brother had occupied, and Bantam from a hiding-place in one of the steward's offices.

"The whole thing is a success," said the latter smilingly. "Nothing remains but for us to get out of this immediately and look up new quarters. So far as I am concerned, I'd like to steer for Australia, where I'm sure to find friends, or if you prefer, we can sail for the retreat of the Malay Gunner."

"The Malay Gunner?" echoed Pedder and his sister in chorus.

"Yes. I may not have mentioned the fact, but the Malay Gunner is a friend of mine, and a right clever fellow he is. Once at his secret retreat, we shall not easily be found. But before we sail in any direction, friend Pedder, I wish to make a short visit to the shore. The truth is, I left a friend behind me when I came off to visit you—a friend who like myself had the good fortune to escape from the blood-hounds of the *Thunderer*, concerning whose exploits I have briefly enlightened you."

"And this friend of yours is awaiting advices somewhere on the shore near us?" asked Pedder, averting his eyes to conceal a gleam which suddenly entered them.

"Yes, that's it. He's waiting for me at a certain place, in pursuance of a mutual understanding. I was uncertain, you see, what my reception by you would be, and he concluded to stay away until this point was settled. Everything is now arranged, and as I'm not a man to desert a friend, I'll take a boat, if you please, and slip ashore for him."

"All right," said Pedder, exchanging a glance of secret intelligence with his sister. "And as I'm a little heated with the row we've just been having, I'll go with you. I want a breath of fresh air. As to this fellow," and he spurned Mr. Wilber with his foot, "we'll take him ashore, and leave him in charge of the island."

Miss Pedder smiled her approbation, and the couple raised the helpless form of Mr. Wilber between them, and carried him to the deck. A moment later, summoning a boat's crew, they were on their way to the beach at the head of the harbor.

"I wonder if Luke understood me?" mused Miss Pedder, on being left to herself. "I do hope that he did."

She fell into a reverie from which she was aroused by a sudden pitch of the yacht, which showed that it was no longer at anchor.

She leaped to her feet in astonishment, but ere she could cross the cabin floor, her brother glided lightly into her presence.

He was more "heated" than when he started ashore for a breath of air, and his face was deeply flushed, but his manner was singularly jubilant.

"What! back so soon?" greeted his sister. "Where is Bantam?"

"Somewhere along the shore, looking for his friend."

"And the yacht?"

"Is on her way to meet Tom as he returns from Sentry-box island."

"Ah, you *did* understand me, then?"

"Yes, I did. At the very first word Bantam said of his proposed visit to the shore, it flashed upon my mind what an excellent move it would be to get rid of him. He's done us all the good he ever can. What do we want of his Malay Gunners, or even of such a character as he is himself—a runaway convict, an outlaw, a desperate ruffian? What security have we that he would not turn upon us the minute he collects a few of his friends around him? My idea all the while was to use Bantam, and not to be used by him. I've accordingly abandoned him. I've turned my back upon him forever."

"But how did you get rid of him so neatly?"

"Why, he went up into the hills to look for his friend, and no sooner was he out of sight than I at once stated to my men that I was going to abandon him, and at once took the back track."

"And you got back to the yacht before he detected the movement?"

"Yes. I don't know as he has detected it yet. In any case, he may call till he is blind, and I shall not pay any heed to him. We'd be pretty fools to go through the world with such a millstone as that around our necks, especially when we have the two vast fortunes of Mr. Aymar duly hived in our state-room!"

"I agree with you. It was essential to get rid of him, and to get rid of him now. But where will you go from here?"

"We'll sail for the Pacific. I've some idea of hiding a year or two upon some lovely coral island, and also some idea of burying part of our money where even our men won't know

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where it is. We will talk of all these matters in the course of a day or two, and come to some definite conclusion. One thing is certain: with the money we have secured, we can turn up in due time in the best society Europe can afford, and look down upon it and laugh at the absurdity of our lives."

What thinking of all that while you were abroad, I suppose we are disgraced forever in New York, but it doesn't much matter, as we shall never have occasion to go back there."

"No, it don't matter a penny. I'm sorry our plot was botched, of course, and would have liked you to receive Hawley, since you thought so much of him."

Don't mention his name," interrupted Miss Ella, "for you know how sincerely in the past I've wished already that I could ever have been so sensible and foolish about him. What is he, after all? Why, with the wealth at our command, Lake, you can marry a duchess, if you choose, and I can become a lady of consequence in the great circles of fashion—a baroness at the least. You wouldn't see Hawley for a feed-suit. It's a little economy of the truth, worth our while to turn a trick."

"Yes, I know it. I talked that way for Barlow's benefit; but why should I harm him? Let him and his friends all take their chance of being rescued by some passing vessel. They won't be rescued, at the best, until after thousands of lives are lost, and we really have nothing to fear from them. I'll not murder anybody, but my conscience—I'll make her endure a little of the restrictive discipline she has practised for months, she has consented will have me once again to make love to her. The fact is, Ruth, if we haven't accomplished all we set out to do, we have accomplished a pretty large success financially, and after all money is the one essential."

I agree with you, Luke. We've certainly reached a satisfactory result.

At this moment one of Pudden's negroes slipped into the cabin, and announced that the Bantam and his friends were approaching in the distance, and were gesticulating in the most surprise and delight.

Let them squirm," commented Pudder, with a light laugh. "Come, girls, tell me, as soon as we have rounded Arched Point and anything is seen of Mr. Breeding."

We have rounded Arched Point, sir," he reported, "and Mr. Breeding is about two miles ahead of us, coming to meet us."

Everything is as it should be, you see," remarked Pudder to his sister when the sailor had again retired. "Bantam and his friends are left behind, and that young fool and Miss Daft's with them. Mrs. Hawley is safe in my hands. Mr. Aymar, Hawley, Lake and the brat are all together upon the island as well as I. And all these people are going to be due to turn our backs upon Europe, intending to leave those scenes forever. Everything is lovely?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOLLOWING AN EXAMPLE.

BY ALICE STARR.

"I am really quite shocked at your conduct, Nettie. It is most indecorous," and the speaker, Nettie Lawrence's mother, looked at the well-grown red lady of about forty, put on a severe look.

"Why Auntie, what have I done now?" queried Nettie, raising her head with a well simulated surprise.

You know me well, I fear, child. You will persist in trying to attract the attention of Ned Barton, and really your flirtations with him are too much for me to endure calmly. I feel that I must remonstrate, and try to awaken within you a sense of modesty, which now seems deadened, at the least thought. Now, when I was young—"

When you were young? Why, Auntie, I know you don't remember anything of the kind, for you are so old, and consequently, hoping to distract her aunt's attention herself for a brief while, Nettie drew herself up to a most delicate flattery.

Why—alem—er, child, not old, of course, but I have passed the age of gushing schoolgirlhood, and one has, after one's twenty-eight years of experience, judge more clearly of what is proper for a young girl to do or not."

To be sure, Auntie, I acknowledge that you know what is best for me, and I will profit your experience to the utmost power of my will," said Nettie submissively.

Now Ned Barton and Miss Daisy and her face expressed all the horror she felt. "Why, my dear, I could not possibly speak a thing! As I told you before, the ideas of the young girls of teen—alem! have a few years and will all be set on such things. Yet here are you, who, with the accumulated wisdom of your years, should be a most modest, retiring girl, using the most unmaidenly arts to captivate this young man. It's absolutely shameful!"

I think for you."

No, dearie, I don't for myself."

And Nettie covered her face with her hands, and Miss Elmer observed, with great satisfaction, that her niece's face was quite crimson, but alas! we sorry to say it was not, as the good lady imagined, with mortification, but unrepressed laughter.

I'll tell you what I'll do, Auntie," continued Nettie, in a tone of apparent contrition, "I'll promise to follow your counsel hereafter."

There, will that satisfy you?"

Perfectly. And thereby I say it, who shouldn't, I must say that I think you will find little to blush for if you follow in my footsteps."

And the lady tilted her head rather proud-ly while Nettie, having driven and conquered her consolidation, managed to stifle her mirth until she reached her own room, where it found vent in a clear, melodious trill of laughter, as she said:

Ah, Auntie, Auntie, you think I don't know about your desire for flirtation with old Doctor Allen; of your occasional accessory visits to his office for the relief of that most imperfect consistency in the form of a headache. Ah, Auntie, my own fault if I don't marry Ned Barton, in spite of your shocked sense of propriety."

"It's all nonsense, my dear boy, sheer nonsense, the idea of me, the very hardly of me, talking of marriage." And Ned Barton's maternal uncle grew quite red in the face with his indignation.

"Why, uncle, I'm twenty-five. I should think I was old enough to begin to be looking out for a wife, that is if I ever intend to have one, which I most certainly do."

Pshaw! ten years hence will be time enough. No man ought to marry before he is thirty-five; he don't know his own mind."

But, uncle," expostulated Ned, "she is going to wait all those years for a fellow? Certainly not pretty Miss Daisy Daft, for she has had a dozen lovers since January, and although I am quite willing to be the favored one, I'm not such a fool as to wait a dozen years for one."

Why, there are other young ladies in the world besides Miss Daisy Daft, Ned. You'll be sure, she is pretty, and, I presume, is as amiable as most young girls, but she's altogether too young. Now if I was to select a wife for myself, I would choose a woman of mature age—one with such a perfect knowledge of the world—such a woman as Miss Arminia Elmer. Ah, my boy, there's a woman for you. She'd make a first-rate wife."

Ugh!" she's forty, if she's a day," muttered Ned to himself, in disgust; then turning to his uncle, he said smilingly:

If you have such a fine opinion of the lady, why don't you marry her yourself, uncle? I believe in such nonsense. I've lived fifty-five—about forty years without thinking of it, and it's not likely I am going to make a fool of myself now. I tell ye, it's easy, sir," declared he indignantly, halting his clubby little person in front of his nephew.

Well, my dear uncle, you see we disagree on this subject entirely. Now I would call it anything but making a fool of yourself if you were to marry Auntie Elmer. I've always told you that Miss Elmer is a fine old girl," said Ned, laughingly.

Old, sir, old!" she belongs to the old school, and I've been told that Miss Daft is a fine old girl, and you've nothing to say against her."

Well, if you say so, why, of course I am bound to believe you; but really, if any one had asked my opinion, I should have added only moments ago, that you and Miss Daft ought to be married, and then you could settle down comfortably in the country and live a quiet life, and have no more trouble with your wife than you have with your horses."

Ned Barton's uncle stared at his nephew in a most comfortably astonished way, and then he said, with a chuckle:

By Jove, you've given me a capital idea, my boy. Why shouldn't I marry Miss Daft? Why shouldn't I turn my back upon the world and its follies, and live a quiet life? Why shouldn't I have a wife to look after me, and a home to go to? Why shouldn't I—I—I—"

Why shouldn't you, uncle?" said Ned, with a laugh.

Why shouldn't I, sir? Why shouldn't I, sir? Why, I'll do it, sir, by Jove!" he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of energy, and he actually did.

Miss Daisy Daft was very much astonished when Mr. Barton, senior, called upon her father, and asked for her hand in marriage, but she was not at all displeased, for she had always considered him a very fine old gentleman, and she was very much flattered by his attentions.

Ned Barton was very much astonished when he heard of his uncle's intentions, but he was not displeased, for he had always considered Miss Daisy a very charming young lady, and he was very much pleased at the prospect of her becoming his aunt.

Miss Daisy's father was very much astonished when he heard of Mr. Barton's intentions, but he was not displeased, for he had always considered Mr. Barton a very fine old gentleman, and he was very much flattered by his attentions.

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AN IDYL OF THE BIRDS.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

Will wings in the furrowed hollows,
And wings in the waving corn,
And a flutter of russet and gold,
Where the trembling reed bird bends,
I watch from dawn till twilight,
The sweet birds come and go.

Will wings in the morning sunrise and color,
For song and for love,
Through wan invisible portals,
Under what gossamer gloom,
Soaked to a vivider vitality
By watering lids and tears,
Do they come, with the rose and purple
Of the dawn in their plumes,
Covering the secret nightingale
In the golden track of the sun?

The earliest sparrows flutter
From breezy limb to limb,
Then with one flash and gleam of flame,
The scarlet tanager is in.
And a surprised beam of winged shine
That any sunshine above it is dimmer now,
Or, poised on the broad-leaved silence, drank
Their morning draught of dew.

But where, when the bright days ended,
Do the singing birds go?
And the summers of wild winds chant
Their dirges in the trees?
Where are the sweet birds gathered,
The jubilant multitudes
That filled, at the summer carnival,
The glorified fields and woods?

Where have the wild songs vanished,
That are gone from the sweet home nest,
And the mother bird's caressing breast?
From what Eden and Ruth of rest?
For never, on hill or meadow,
By forest path or stream,
More I found the beautiful spot where God
Had gathered the birds again.

Know they of summer-land Vallambrosa,
Where they come to a world of sunshine,
Where they fly from the storms of this?
For northern winds and snowflakes
Are a sudden flash, as of opening doors,
Through which a glory of sunset gleams
Round a rushing mane—and in my birds
Caught up in a golden cloud.

KATE ARLINGTON,

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAPTAIN'S END!

And this was what Kate Arlington saw: A wooden scaffold had been erected on the garden, between the window and the orange-grove; and upon the stout thereof several burglers holding lighted torches of pitch-knot; and in the midst of the scaffold a powerful screw to which the platform of the scaffold was hinged, and beneath which was a heavy lever, forced down upon his knees, and it would be when that lever were released, a human head was bare and bent, and his kerchief had been taken from his neck, and the cellar of his shirt thrown back.

Kate knew it was Gaston, and by his side, like a grim ogre of Tartarean birth, loomed he gigantic form of the Assassino, grasping in his right hand a long, broad-bladed cutlass, while with the left he clutched the hair of the victim. A demoniac smile of vengeance on his features, and he was prepared to do his work in the most fiendish manner.

Kate paused until she grew sick at heart, and then she turned away, and sank upon her knees, and buried her face in her hands.

"What think you, lady?" asked the pirate chief.

Kate looked up into his hard, malignant face, and she knew that his will was equal to the work from shadowed forth.

"Mis. Bridget," Duke continued, "this is my final resort. Speak the word, and I'll have the head of your husband Gaston from his body, and he dies! Shall he live or shall he die?"

"Monsieur, he said, "take this girl—my wife—to the Good Cave. Hold her there till I provide for your own safety, as well as mine, may depend upon it if you get a critter of this come to me, kill her on the instant. Do you understand?"

"I understand, sir," answered the affrio, promptly, as he bowed low in token of acquiescence of danger, and the significance of ensuing. "Unless like dangers were to befall me."

"Then take her, and make haste. Go by the way of the cave, and if I am not there to deliver your charge early to my order. If anything else be done, you put your knife to her heart!—Will you do this?"

"I will!"

"Then go, and lose not the present opportunity."

Then to Kate he said:

"Haste you, Hagar, and hide where you can watch this house and see all that goes on your women, and tell them do the same. If you see me taken captive, you may go to the Bay to the cave, and give Moses the signal to bring the boat."

"Can he death?" responded the boldest.

"And that shall depend upon you. You have the key to safety after all—Ha!"

It was a loud shout that rang from the lawn in front of the house which had arrested his speech, and hastily grasping a key which old Hagar he strode toward the hall. He was met by Gaston, who had left his victim in the hands of the assassin, and he was in a state of excitement, for which were the cause he nearly fell a victim to the dagger of the assassin.

According as he had been commanded, the pirate chief had left the house, and a couple were would seize a child, and lifted her from the floor, and bore her hastily through the window door into the darkness.

On her part Kate offered no resistance, nor did she even cry out.

Moses may have thought that terror had paralyzed her, and as he passed out with his master's bride, he was careful not to use unnecessary violence. He was there to do his part in the trouble of resistance, he could do no more than he was ordered.

The Assassino passed out of the house by a small gate in the side wall, and quickly thereafter entered a small thicket, surrounded by trees. He had taken no lantern, but the night was clear, and he had the opportunity in speeding rapidly along a way with which he was well acquainted. Ten times or more they had turned the bend of the entrance to the cave, and the last time they had seen the moon beyond the night air, and it was evident that they were in the open country of sand dunes.

Presently the giant stopped and changed his burden from one side, and at the same time so he bent his ear to listen to the distant voices.

"Ha! Yankees!" he uttered, as a few of the lovely spokes were heard in the distance behind him.

Had he turned his attention in another direction he would have noticed that the end of his charge was bent as attentively as was his own, and that the form was not the inert mass of anything but inanition; but he did not notice. He had a work and a duty to perform, as he was in a hurry, he bore her on without a word. Assassino that he was, he knew that it was by far the most speedy way to make the passage.

Upon the beach was a small boat, and there where the ragged aspect of the rock gave token of former volcanic upheaval, and at a point where a tangled mass of vines and willowed underbrush made a thick concealment, the giant stopped and lowered his burden to the ground.

"Can you swim?" he asked, as his hand upon her shoulder as though to satisfy herself in the interest.

"I think I can," she answered.

And thereupon he took his hand away.

"What place is this?" Kate asked, looking around. "Where are we?"

"Don't you know what has happened, lady?" The black inquired, in surprise, but he mixed with mingled Spanish.

"I know that you appear to be at the cause of it."

"Yes," said Moses, "and danger, too. You are here to be safe."

"Why safe here?"

"Because monsieur is at the castle, and close by here is a cave where we can hide—a cave which is out of the reach of the tide, and where you can be safe until you are wanted."

"With a monster? Let me think."

In the moment's delay Kate had not see the eager workings of the captive's face, nor did he mark how the light from the moon reflected the folds upon the bosom of the silken vest.

"We have no time to wait, lady. We must hide."

"But tell me," persisted Kate, without moving, "what has happened? Why am I here?"

"Monsieur has been captured," pleading by the side of the American doctor."

"I was there," answered Moses; and there was a chuckle in his tone, as though he enjoyed the recollection.

"And would you have killed the doctor had I refused to become the pirate's wife?"

"If the captain had given me the signal I should have cut off the doctor's head with a good relish."

"And you have killed men before now at Dis-ko's command?"

"Yes. It is my business."

"And you would kill me if you had orders so to do?"

"I should kill you very quickly, lady; so you had better mind and not make a mistake."

Kate had folded her arms upon her bosom, and her right hand was thrust beneath her dress.

Wretch!" she cried, looking up through the gloom with a look of scorn, "do you know the law? Do you know that a just God has put it in the heart of a weak servant to rid the earth of so vile and heinous a character as you know that you are? Know that in accepting the office of my murderer you have put your own life in peril? But in doing sinered your foul and bloodthirsty deed!"

She spoke inspired indeed. To him there seemed something excessively ludicrous in the assertion that she was weak.

But instantly his laugh died out in another sound. With a quick movement the captive drew her hand from her bosom, and stretched it forward. There was a flash, and a report, and the giant staggered back, and precisely fell over upon the rocks behind him. Kate threw back the second hammer of her pistol; and then, with a shuddering cry, she sank upon the sand in a swoon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

We may go back at this point and give in detail what we have given in brief. Dr. John Locke Gaston had already given to the doctor

Then John Locke, as the prisoner is, has left the skiff and taken to the water, he had done so, and, with quick movements the captive drew her hand from her bosom, and stretched it forward. There was a flash, and a report, and the giant staggered back, and precisely fell over upon the rocks behind him. Kate threw back the second hammer of her pistol; and then, with a shuddering cry, she sank upon the sand in a swoon.

Dr. Gaston's daughter betrayed!" he gasped forth, sinking to a chair for support. "Betrayed!"

"How betrayed?" demanded the chief, starting like a tiger from his lair.

"Strange, sir, and armed, till the bay. They have captured the brig, and are now heading from the bay!"

"Mark, do you dream?" cried Dixon, ordering his snake quickly to its place in his vest.

"No, Captain. It is no I have said. Locke Gaston must have made his way outside, and fallen in with some stranger lying in wait for me; and he has aided their bold scheme to slay."

A terrible oath dropped from the chief's lips as he stamped his foot upon the floor.

"It must be the work of a dash for ship-board, and it may be a Yankee. If it is the latter, it is possible that I may be undone!"

He did not finish the sentence, for the thoughts he would have spoken brought another thought to his mind. A sharp interest he hesitated, and then, with a fierce gleaming of his flashing eyes, he turned to the doctor:

"Moses," he said, "take this girl—my wife—to the Good Cave. Hold her there till I provide, for your own safety, as well as mine, may depend upon it if you get a critter of this come to me, kill her on the instant. Do you understand?"

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

On his face a clean intentness,
In his eye a clear decision,
Every movement or word heeded
Brimful of directed might:
It is now his time of Business,
And as all a sacred shrine,
Dedicate to the worship of prunite
That all duty is divine.

Nothing shall give interference;
Business first, in name or credit!
After that, whatever offers
For the beautiful is said.

On his face a exhilaration—
Your empowerment he now wins,
For the duties are accomplished,
And the hour for Pleasure shines.
He has right to your consonance
Pleases with some lightning thought
That some dear duties accomplished
Are to duty does woos brought.
Business first, and Pleasure after!
Made by mind and honest heart,
But a voice from the Great Worker
Whispers, "You've well done your part."

Wise and happy man or woman,
True to Business loyal, yours
To add also to earth's glory
While upon the mortal shores.
Loyal with that makes the ages
Ever bow to your control,
To possess the throne of Matter
With the mind's, heart's, muscle's part!
Business before all Pleasure!
Let us cling on land or sea,
And the Pleasure will be earned, was!
Larger, sweeter, holier to.

EMILY'S CURSE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Black Maumie told me the story. As nearly as possible, I have given it to you in her own words. I presume it is quite true. Had some one who could read or write given me the same story, I might have suspected some romancing; but Martha is only a poor ignorant woman, once a slave, who has no idea of what romancing is, and who related to me the narrative just as you or I would tell a bit of gossip of the neighborhood.

Be that as it may, it is a most remarkable tragic, but then it was such a common piece of tragedy to her and her kind—as that when people stepped out of their places, or were killed out, trouble generally came to them.

"I remember Emily mighty well," she said. "Emily belonged where I did. Some of us belonged to Massa Charles, and some to Miss Ivy. She was pretty near de youngest, and folks Mighty pretty too. Old Miss she'd bought her for a seamstress sew and all dat you know. And when old Miss was dead and gone, and her son Massa Charles come home to settle things off, why, Emily wasn't seamstress no more. She kep' home, and was married to Sam, as was a white sis Emily.

"Dere wasn't no lady in de house, and she give out stores and such. Massa Charles thought a heap of Emily, and Emily thought and honored massa, too. Wouldn't heared nobody say a word to chalk when she went out, 'cept her dress or her hair, and mostly her parasol with t'other, so. Hi! no, you wouldn't.

"Always had beau a yet, Emily had. Niggers didn't have no rights to talk, but Emily was out up. Hi! I never see no nigger not up as—never did.

"Massa Charles was good enough; but when he got married, he was different some.

"For as I know, Massa Charles was always as soft as silk to Emily, and he never done nuffin but 'cept me when coffee was muddy, or like dat ar. Only ole Jude she use to say:

"'Ki! missey, Massa Charles jes like me massa. He 'ti it 'bacca ar 'cause he so gole-darn obliger.'

"Nor ole Jude! She use to sit and rock and rock and talk to Emily and when we'd come wid our troubles she'd say:

"'Nebber mine, chillun. You all be free some day.'

"We'd laugh, an' say Jude was childish; but it come true.

"Jude, gold tell what was comin' mighty smart. When me was would go and tell how me up Emily was, she'd say:

"'Won't last—won't last. I see de endend's a comin'.'

"But it didn't come for a good while.

"Massa Charles and Massa Charles done come home and I 'spect he was sorry for my Sam—dat was Emily's husband—died, and I was down wid rheumatiz. I stood by de gate one day, and saw Emily come out of de house looking wild like, and she run into de garden, kinder puttin' her hands out as, like she was blind.

"She had on a black silk dress and gold bracelets, and a chain, so I 'spect she had broken it. Whether she'd took and throwed it down, or what, I don't know; but I don't know's but where she'd got de boy, I saw dat chain and locket on de grass.

"'Emily,' says I, 'done lose your locket?'

"She jes gave a kind of scream, and went on de same way.

"'Dat gal's gone crazy at last,' says I.

"But ten days out of de house come her two children, two pretty little gals. She had another, but it was a leetle baby. And one of 'em calls, 'Mammy!' and then she runs back and takes on by de gate, and I see she's gone to.

"I went in too, and dere, down on her knees on de floor, was Emily and Massa Charles' feet.

"'Been too sassy at last. Dat gal has, I reckon,' says I to myself.

"Dout dat time niggers began to talk. Massa Charles was going a courtin'. Massa Charles was going to be married. Mighty fine lady; mighty rich; mighty pretty.

"Emily, she kep' on a-crying all day, all dressed up fixing for Miss Fletcher. Emily she was sent something; couldn't tell what silled her.

"Any how Massa Charles was going to be married certain, and we was to have a supper. But all de same, winter coats was to be cut out; and Massa Charles bought all de stuff, and Emily was cuttin' them out to de big sewing room, and Massa Charles was in and out all day—day now hasn't nothing at all, while she was up dere. Massa Charles he came along wid a strange gemplemun.

"Massa Charles looked kind of pale and queer like; kinder skeered, too. I noticed dat sure, but I didn't think much of it. Emily's chillun was setting on de gemplemun's knee, and the gemplemun he stopped and looked at 'em. Mighty pretty chillun; didn't wonder at dat; den he went into de house.

"He wagon it stood down by de gate, and Tom he held de horse. After a while he come out of de house and Emily and Massa come wid him, pittin' away his pocket-book. He was down de last wagon and got in, and he drive, laughing.

"'Hi! hi! come here. Want a ride?

"'Yes,' says de poor chillun.

"'Jump in,' says he. 'Here, pet 'em in, gir.'

"And I did what I was tole, of course. I put Emily's chillun in de wagon, and they crowed and laughed. 'Mammy come too,' says de littlest gal; and off he drove, laughing.

"Massa Charles stood leaning against de house, lookin' very sad. I jes laughed, for I reckoned dey'd come back pretty soon; but I waited and waited, and dey didn't come.

"'Massa Charles,' says I, 'pears like dem chillun is gone quite a spell.'

"Den Massa Charles looked at me—looked kinder like de debbil might, you know. And he wrote a big away, and walk into de house. And I 'spect sick, and 'spect so shaked all over, for I 'spect he knowed what he'd did.

"I went away and hid myself. I was skeered. Fear I'd say suffin sassy if I stayed, and I couldn't help cryin'. Emily was old up, but dem was her chillun.

"Pretty soon I heard her sullin'—callin' her babies. 'Come to mammy,' says she, soft like—'come to your mammy!' Then she 'gins to holler louder, kinder screaming like: 'Chillun! Chillun!'

"Dere was hard cryin' all over de whole plantation all night long. I 'spect Emily call on, but knowed to nothing. Dey was drowned. Oh, my chillun! de whole night through.

"Next morning dere was a wagon at de gate, Emily was sold, too, with her chillun. Jess' she was sold by herself. She didn't scream none. She jes' sat still, and stared dere on de porch, and begged Massa Charles jes for God's sake to tell her what it was. She wouldn't buy it back for her. Lord he knows which. She jes' begged and stared up at Massa Charles.

"'Is it curse on you,' says she. 'My curse on you, Massa Charles. You know what you have done to me,' says she. 'If I am a slave, I am honest; and God knows all. My curse on you. And listen: De time will come when you dat stand so high will be low down—low down, like de lowest trash,' says she. 'De time will come when you'll thank barefoot as a nigger's door and ask for feed. I see it—I see it. I don't know when, but I see it. Chillun you'll come you'll curse you.'

"Massa Charles looking furious.

"'Mr. Ivy Gilston,' says he, 'woman is yours; but you'll oblige me by having her dogged before you take her off.'

"'Sorry I can't 'blige you, sir,' says de gemplemun; 'but you see dat gal is pretty well up to snuff. I don't want no trouble on my hands, and I'll take her to-morrow, a fancy lot like dis,' says he.

"Mr. Ivy Gilston, and some of us dat see Emily no more.

"And dere was a great merry-making, and presents given out to everybody next week. Was de bride come home. Mighty fine woman young Missy was.

"Dat night de whole kinder seemed to fall on Massa from dat day. Come talkin' and talkin' to me, and I 'spect he was sorry, for he had known me from little boy. Massa was a leetle mean oh sweet—got mighty poor. And dere was no cushion, and no cushion to de chair. And one mornin' I looks out of window and see Massa sojers to de gate.

"'What's dat, Pomp?' says I to Mass Emily Pomp, dat was sent on de street eatin' corn.

"'Hi!' says Pomp. 'Yankees come; we's all free.'

"So dey had. So we was. Couldn't blief it at first; but so we was.

"Mass Ivy Gilston, he well prter, when I was kinder grown, and I was married, was for my pole man and chillun, somebody comes knock, knock at my corner door. I looked out. It was Massa Charles. His clothes was ragged; and though he had nothing at all and was white, his hands's a coat in his pocket, and he'd walked like de gemplemun. And he 'pear to gone back to her people, I reckon; and his hair was mighty white, and his face mighty red but just de bare ground, and he was mighty old. And he come to my door, and he looked at him a minute, and I would have shut de door in his sheer, and I never said suffin sassy, but I had known him all my life, and I remember Charles, Emily's curse has come at last. You'll come down to a nigger's door for feed, de victuals.' And so he had, Missy; and I sellers dat door, and making light of my breakfast about—dat so de Lord's will.

BILLY'S BRIGHT IDEA.

Upon the Town Pump, in Dr. Peter Grime farm) of the town of the State of Maine was a sign which read Billy Bird. Billy's family had been an educated man, and an excellent gentleman, but rum had been his ruin, and his excessively intemperate habits had visited their penalty upon his children. They, in the rage of insolence, had become an overgrown, good-natured boy. Some folks called him a fool, but he was not that. He was simple, and simplicity, just, and humane man. Billy Haight, ex-pension, was a favorite. His father and the Captain had been close friends in other years, and he regarded the boy with much interest, too.

A few months of Captain Fletcher's rule wrought a change for the better in Billy. He had been allowed to run about the town, and indeed to do much work upon the farm.

Old Parson Gates, settled in the Centre Village, and consequently a friend to the Captain, had taken a deep interest with the invalid, and, after a long talk with him, had concluded a strong liking for the patient. Billy was a favorite with Parson Gates, and he came, but listened attentively while he talked with the Captain. Then Billy expressed a desire to hear Mr. Strong preach in his big church, and the parson replied that Billy might go to bring him. He would run the risk. At first Fletcher objected, but the earnest representations of both Billy and the parson at length induced him to consent, and the next Sunday autumn Billy was suffered to accompany the parson to church.

The meeting house was of the old-fashioned pattern, with barn-like structure, with elevated pulpit and sounding board. Mr. Strong sing around upon three sides. Billy sat in the gallery, and during all the service he was very quiet and orderly as could be. On the way home he said to the parson: "I never see a man preach like that before, sir. He's a good man, indeed, but two of which are distinguishable as expressing Mercury and Gold.

A curious and exceptional cause of the decomposition of malachite or shell life is mentioned by a correspondent of the *American Naturalist*. Some specimens of this ore, which were found near Great Salt Lake, Utah, The water of Bonjeau Spring Lake, near Salt Lake City, became so reduced in volume by evaporation as to fill all the shells in it, by reason of the excess of salt held in solution. The shells were thus rendered unfit for food, and the number of individuals was large. It is suggested that such facts as these seem to explain the occurrence of beds of fossils under circumstances which show that they died from some sudden, but not very violent cause.

When the next Sabbath came, as Billy had behaved so remarkably well on the previous occasion, he was suffered to go to church again. On this occasion Billy perched himself in the gallery, and looked down upon the looking the congregation. After the meeting house was filled, and assembly on until the service was well under way, Mr. and by Duncan Smith began to nod. Billy saw the incipient movement, and putting his hand into his well-filled pocket he drew forth a large and luscious apple, and aimed it with unerring aim, hitting the nodding demon in the centre of his bald pate, and causing him to leap with alarm, and also causing quite a commotion in the immediate vicinity.

Uncle Sol Gates was also present, and Billy saw him, and also noticed Billy for it, a second nod. A third, and with unerring precision, startled old "Codger" Martin from a comfortable nap.

By this time the parson had discovered the cause of disturbance, and just as Billy was about to throw a fourth not he called to him authoritatively to desist.

"Go ahead, Parson," said Billy, with patronizing assurance. "I'll keep 'em awake for your preaching, and *I'll keep the old rooster* from crowing."

It may be needless to add that the solemnity of the service was broken for the rest of the afternoon. It was, also, that Billy was not taken to church again; but it is to be hoped that the exercise of Billy's bright ideas may not have been without some salutary result to the sleepers of the Centre Village congregation.

C. G. G.

SCIENCE.

The distribution of the ruby and sapphire has been a subject of special study by Professor Heddle, of Scotland. He has made a contribution to our knowledge on the occurrence of corundum, and a paper upon it at the Dubuque meeting this year. He finds corundum in the following proportions of theoretical in which rubies and sapphires are found: Ceylon, 100; Burmah, 90; Siam, 80; Australia, 70; Tartary, 60; Hindostan, 50; Thibet, 40; Greenland, 30; Canada, 20; Brazil, 10; Europe, 0. Of these gems, which, though small, are similar in color to the corundum in transparency, instead of being polished. They were shown to the Association in the rough, and were found in the sand and stones discovered in the country as corundum sapphires. These, if properly cut, are nearly if not quite as valuable as the finest rubies and scarcely every other mineral except the diamond is so hard as corundum. Some of the rubies and sapphires found in Australia were the subject of the discussion which followed the reading of Professor Heddle's paper, it was stated that the deepest blue sapphires and the faintest blush rubies were found together, and that when the rubies the corundum crystals the real corundum sapphires were found in good color and of good transparency.

In the numerous experiments upon the influence of carbonic acid and rain which have been made during many years past by Dr. R. Angus Smith, of Manchester, England, and recorded in Britain, he has established the fact that the presence of sulphuric acid in the rain is the chief cause of stealing several persons, was employed; and the result was that the stone was found to absorb less water after the change, and to be more durable than the one covered with a coating of sulphate of lime. Dr. Smith has also found that the sulphuric acid in the rain is not to be attributed to the presence of ammonia, which has been supposed to yet for relaxing, and making them more porous, but accidentally became white, and could not come off. Dr. Smith's experiments have proved that the never was ill, and was treated with no fear of the cause of the disease.

The extent of the coal fields in Russia (mostly in the Ural) which is subcorporated was brought to the notice of the Geological Society in a late address at Brighton on *geology and botany*, by Mr. Judd, who stated that the coal measures of all this has been written, Mr. Barwin's book on the Origin of Species. This book, as we all know, is a theory of the origin of species.

That man was sprung from was a jelly lump
Through fish and monkey, reptile, bird, and beast,
Is Darwin's theory at least.

This is a theory which Mr. Darwin would utterly repudiate, but it is the theory which many people suppose that he has established. Mr. Darwin has not established it, and he does not pretend that he has established it. He has collected facts which Darwin's teachings simply point to the wise conclusion that species are not fixed.

Students of anthropology, or the science of man, have long been aware that the human race is not a species, but a genus, and that the existing distinction of many of the more savage races of the world is as great as we are likely to find in any light which a study of their peculiarities would throw upon the question of species. Many of these savages, or rather tribes of savages, are now rapidly becoming extinct; the New Zealander, the Australian, the Tasmanian are rapidly changing their habits; and it is now difficult, if not impossible, to find in any of these races what is called unadulterated savagery. Mr. Lane Fox, in a paper read before the Royal Society, described the subsidence of the British Association devoted to anthropology, said that "during the last quarter of a century a mysterious law for the way of anthropological exploration than the whole previous period, and a corresponding change in the interest."

The recent discovery of what are supposed to be the ruins of the ancient city of Ephesus, is a subject of congratulation among archæologists. It will be remembered that Professor Hirte in Asia Minor was blessed by the Ephesians, and that he was told that the ruins of the temple of Diana were to be found. Professor Wood has been several years in search of the ruins, and has at last found them. Professor Wood, who is in charge of the excavations. It was dug from a depth of twenty-five feet, and the work is now in progress. Many valuable relics have been unearthed, but two of which are distinguishable as

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAITING says: "I have read the *Ledger* for many years, and, as a consequence, have been greatly benefited by the many excellent hints I have found there before, asking your advice. My case is briefly this: I am a young man of twenty-seven years, of a fair education, and have been employed in a business rank, and as a social companion equal to most of my friends. I am not a member of any church, nor am I in the habit of reading 'night prayers' before retiring, and although I am not an 'infidel,' I cannot say that I am a Christian. I have been keeping company with a partner, in the metropolis because, with a small salary, I could not afford to support a wife and family, and although I have been paying my addresses to her for three years, during the last three I have not been able to see her more than once a month, and that only for a few hours. Now, I am in receipt of a salary sufficient to support her and myself comfortably, and I am desirous of making her my wife. What course of this kind should I pursue? Her consent, we would have to obtain, and I do not like to write to her, as she is not a correspondent. Having none of her correspondence to refer to, I cannot say whether she has written to me or not, as she is the sister of the partner of the family. She others having married and gone, she has been left alone with her father, and I do not wish to intrude on matters of her comfort, and she does not to wait. She don't want to give me up, nor do I her, but I cannot see how I am to have her as my wife." Waiting, in answer to your letter, we would say that you have done right in not writing to her, as you have no correspondence with her, and it would be especially improper for you to write to her without her father's consent. Your duty is to see her father, and ask his consent to your marriage with his daughter. If he refuses, there is no harm in such a correspondence as you describe, and you can then write to her, and tell her that you have done your duty, and that her father refuses his consent. If he consents, you will then be free to call upon her, and to make your proposals. Your letter is so brief that we cannot tell whether you have been in the habit of calling upon her or not. Your conduct, similar-hearted and honorable, and we have no doubt that you will be successful in your suit. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow.

EMILY says: "Knowing you are ever ready and willing to reply to questions propounded by your readers, I have ventured to write to you for advice in regard to a matter which is causing me much anxiety. I have a lover who is two years my junior, but who is very much attached to me, and I to him. He is a young man of good family, and is very well educated; but I did not know his age when I first met him. He is now twenty-one years old, and I am twenty-three. I have been engaged to him for a year, and would not have to pay him. Would it be right for me to marry him? He is very anxious that I do so soon, and do not know what his opinion may be upon the subject. I am very fond of him, and would be very sorry to lose him, but I do not like to marry a man younger than myself. Please advise me what to do." Emily, in answer to your letter, we would say that we do not see why you should not marry the young man if you love him, and he is willing to marry you. Many of the most happy marriages are those in which the husband is younger than the wife, and we can see no reason why you should not be happy with your lover. Your letter is very well written, and we have no doubt that you will be successful in your suit. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow. Your letter is a model for all her friends, and sometimes dismisses him at last with a kiss, and sometimes with a blow.

ERNIE says: "Having been a constant reader of your paper for many years, I have come to look upon it as a friend, and I have come to you for advice in a matter which is causing me much anxiety. I am a young man of excellent standing, possessing a fair education, and am in receipt of a salary sufficient to support a wife and family. I have been paying my addresses to a young lady for three years, and have been engaged to her for one year. She is very much attached to me, and I to her. She is very much attached to me, and I to her. She is very much attached to me, and I to her